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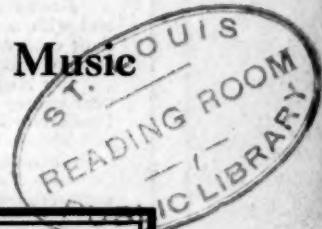
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THE DIAL



VOLUME LXV

NO. 771

AUGUST 15, 1918

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

American Influence on Modern French Music

Since all Americans are naïvely vain, it is as well to see ourselves as others see us, if we profit by it. Europe has always thought strange things of us, especially France. Gilbert Chinard, for example, has collected into two fascinating volumes all the "exotisme américain" in French literature, from Rabelais and Ronsard through the eighteenth century. A third volume, covering the nineteenth century, would be still more amusing.

Among others, there is a delightfully scurrilous volume, "*Asmodée à New-York*," published anonymously in 1868. Scurrilous—but romantic as the travels of Maundeville, for the author obviously never crossed the Atlantic. He unrolls a fantastic panorama of civic corruptions, amateur fire-brigades (in New York!), revolver-shooting citizens, out-of-door religious meetings where quadrilles alternate with sermons. Those who have been to Europe know what the American duel is—a drawing of lots, followed by the suicide of the loser; but who, before or since *Asmodée*, has heard of the American suicide? It seems the despairing man one evening takes a drink of "alcool," the next night two, the next night three, and so on, until his miserable soul is tortured from his ruined body. The author neglects to tell us how soon this dénouement occurs, but he assures us the practice is wide.

With such grotesque material at hand, it is not surprising that the United States has added its genre to the modern French music. But a question intervenes: what have we done in music that is so characteristic? It is true that some critics have traced a flavor of MacDowell in Debussy's "*La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin*" and "*Les Collines d'Anacapri*," but this is thoroughly unimportant.

The answer is that we have a type of music instantly recognized anywhere on

this globe as American. This is "rag," that rank growth from the richness of our soil. No American composer (with the notable exception of Henry Gilbert) has been able to use it; for we are too near it, too familiar with it, to be able to extract any but the most vulgar effects from it. The Frenchman however has picked from out of our weeds a leaf here and there of a design curious to him, which he has formed into patterns of his own invention.

Of course this has been tried before. When in the eighteen-sixties "Ethiopian Minstrels" invaded Europe with tremendous success, the serious-minded made attempts to use the Negro idiom in good music. Of all these attempts only one piece of music continues to exist—Dvorák's "New World Symphony" (1893). Yet though he caught rhythms and built a couple of melodies so like the real thing that they have since been turned into Negro songs, his work as a whole gives no suggestion of any place on earth except Bohemia.

It has been the French, then, that alone have used American idiom recognizably. And of course it was Debussy that first made the attempt.

In the "Children's Corner" we find the initial experiment. "Gollywog's Cakewalk" (all the titles are in English) is the last of this little set for piano. Debussy has taken a single syncopation which he uses as the basis for the entire composition; and here he is wrong, for true "rag" changes its meter continually. Debussy's effect however is not monotonous—his ear was too sensitive to allow him to commit any such mistake—and the middle section drops the rhythmic figure for a while. This middle section is noteworthy for its delicate burlesque of the opening cello phrase of "Tristan." The Teutonic super-lover becomes the grotesque Gollywog surprised by new, sacred emotions; but these

are soon swept aside by the syncopated cakewalk. In the first volume of "Préludes," Debussy again tries American effects, and again he thinks his result sufficiently important to place it last in the volume. "Minstrels" he calls it, again using an English title; and it is really only this that betrays its meaning. He is giving his impression of a black-face show; we hear the drum, the sentimental song, and so on, with a little phrase like a guffaw punctuating the music, just as the puns of the endmen punctuate the performance. But Debussy has written this music with a characteristic bit of daring: he has left syncopation entirely out of it. And therefore no American is likely to realize what is going on, unless he appreciates the title.

This is all that Debussy tried, but another composer took up the idiom and did more with it. This was Eric Satie, of whom there is nowadays quite a cult. Eric Satie was among the modern ballet pioneers, but he abandoned that for humorous piano sketches. He is a marvelous mixture of the dilettante, mystic, humorist, and decadent. He dares the limit, and cares not of the public. He cultivates the most exotic and the most naïve harmonies. He writes chants for the Rosy-Cross and musical descriptions of the life of fishes. He delights in misquotations: his "Españaña" ("Croquis et Agaceries d'un gros Bonhomme en bois") is a strange mess of Chabrier, and in "d'Edriophthalma" ("Embryons dessechés") he cites the "celebrated mazurka of Schubert," which is in reality a perversion of Chopin's "Funeral March." Among his titles one finds "Tyrolienne turque," "Aperçus désagréables," "Celle qui parle trop," "Les Trois Valses du Précieux dégoutte," and "Trois Morceaux en forme de Poire, avec une Manière de Commencement, une Prolongation du même, et Un En Plus, suivi d'une Redite."

His latest and most successful composition was a return to the ballet, called "Parade" (or "Vaudeville"), produced for the first time in Paris, May 18, 1917. It is a "Ballet réaliste," whose collaborators were Pablo Picasso, Léonide Massine, and Jean Cocteau, the poet. "Realistic" indeed! It is realism "which stifles the nightingale's song beneath the rumblings of the tramways." It represents a

vaudeville in which one feels "the terrible mysteries of China, the sadness of the nocturnal bar of the little American girl, the astonishing gymnastics of the acrobats; it contains all the sorrow of the boards—the nostalgia of the hand-organ which will never play Bach fugues." At least so the preface says. As a matter of fact it is one of the funniest things ever written by a serious musician. Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" has just one slapstick—or rather bang-drum—moment; "Till Eulenspiegel" keeps you good-humored; Carpenter's "Perambulator Suite" has several smiles in it; but nothing has been written which rouses the roars of laughter which "Parade" creates. This is no small thing. And it must be remembered that the humor is in the very music—that one laughs even without knowing the setting or the choreography.

The plot is simple. A vaudeville has opened in Paris on a Sunday. Three managers attempt to advertise their show by exhibiting three numbers: a Chinese prestidigitator, acrobats, and an American dancer. (The management reserves the right to change the order of the acts; and sure enough, in the actual presentation, the American girl precedes the acrobats!) The crowd think that they are seeing the entire show for nothing; so no one enters. Finally the exhausted managers fall upon each other, and the three turns reappear to renew the advertising.

The influence of America is felt at the very beginning, for the managers appear imbedded in huge cubistic frames representing fragments of skyscrapers. Their actions are therefore limited to smoking long clay pipes and continuous bowing. So much for American enterprise!

I should like to describe all the music—the Chinese effects of cheap incense, long moustaches, and erected forefingers; the heavily sentimental waltz of the acrobats, interrupted by curious extra-harmonic pricklings as of the skin—but our main interest lies with the little dancer, with her exaggerated steps and her very characteristic music. She is favored with two dances: one for her entrance, where a peculiarly imbecile measure is labeled "verteuse," and finally the great "Ragtime du paquebot."

Satie has composed a typical rag tune,

which is (naturally) an unbelievable concentration of reminiscences. I do not think he has used a single phrase which has not been used dozens of times before him by American composers. To this he has fitted an independent, yet characteristic, bass with a vigor all its own. Occasionally these two melodies make strange acquaintance, and often the harmonies between them are curiously twisted. The wrong thing is done at the wrong moment; and when it is time to return to the theme, one seems an impossible distance away. Yet Satie suddenly lets chords and rhythms sink, slide, and—there you are, though you can't quite believe it. In short, what Satie has done is simply to reproduce the American invention, plus its awkwardness of expression, its ignorance of rules and possibilities. The result more than justifies him.

But, amusing as it is, it is a poor return to France for what she has given us in music. And Eric Satie—no doubt unconsciously—gives us a very correct criticism of our musical faults. We are ignorant,

woefully ignorant, criminally ignorant, of music as an art. We will not take the trouble to learn it. We care nothing about its technique. Music is the most complicated of the arts (barring architecture), and we are too lazy to find out how it is done. Our schools are ignorant of its basic principles. The foreigner begins early and writes his daily counterpoint for six years at least before he considers that he has mastered the simplest style; whereas we begin late in life on an imbecile study called "Harmony" (whose false rules have been broken freely by every composer of the last two centuries and teach a baroque style in which no one ever wrote or will write). Then we settle lazily into counterpoint for a year, and follow it the next year with laborious canons and fugues. After that—the deluge of mediocrity! Eric Satie profits by our mistakes and makes an amusing ballet out of it.

This is our contribution to the music of the world. France has been the only country to appreciate it.

S. FOSTER DAMON.

Emily Dickinson

When I want poetry in its most delightful and playful mood I take up the verses of that remarkable girl of the sixties and seventies, Emily Dickinson—she who was writing her little worthless poetic nothings (or so she was wont to think of them) at a time when the now classical New England group was flourishing near Concord, when Hawthorne was burrowing into the soul of things, when Thoreau was refusing to make more pencils and was sounding lake bottoms and holding converse with all kinds of fish and other water life, and when Emerson, standing high upon his pedestal, was preaching of compensations, of friendship, of society, and of the oversoul.

Emily Dickinson has by no means lost her freshness for us; she wears as would an old-fashioned pearl set in gold and dark enamels. One feels as if one were sunning in the discal radiance of a bright, vivid, and really new type of poet. For with her cheery impertinence she offsets the smugness of the time in which she lived.

What must have been the irresistible charm of this girl who gave so charming a portrait of herself to the stranger friend who inquired for a photograph: "I have no portrait now, but am small like the wren, and my hair is bold like the chestnut bur, and my eyes like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves!" She had undeniable originality of personality, grace, and special beauty of mind. It was a charm unique in itself, not like any other genius then or now, or in the time before her, having perhaps a little of relationship to the crystal clearness of Crashaw—like Vaughan and Donne maybe in respect to their lyrical fervor and moral earnestness, nevertheless appearing to us freshly with as separate a spirit in her poetry as she herself was separated from the world around her by the amplitude of garden which was her universe. Emily Dickinson confronts you at once with an instinct for poetry to be envied by the more ordinary and perhaps more finished poets. Ordinary she never was; common she

never could have been. For she was first and last aristocratic in sensibility, rare and untouchable, often vague and mystical, sometimes distinctly aloof. Those with a fondness for intimacy will find her, like all recluses, forbidding and difficult.

(Here was New England at its sharpest, wittiest, most fantastic, most wilful, most devout. Saint and imp sported in her, toying with the tricks of the Deity, taking them now with extreme profundity, then tossing them about like irresistible toys with an incomparable triviality. She has traced upon the page with celestial indelibility that fine line from her soul, which is like a fine prismatic light separating one bright sphere from another, one planet from another planet; and the edge of separation is but faintly perceptible. She has left us this bright folio of her "lightning and fragrance in one," scintillant with star dust as perhaps no other before her, certainly none in this country. Who has had her celestial attachedness—or must we call it detachedness?—and her sublime impudent playfulness, which makes her images dance before one like offspring of the great round sun, as zealously she fools with the universes at her feet and, with loftiness of spirit and exquisite trivialness, with those just beyond her eye?

Whoever has not read these flippant renderings, holding always some touch of austerity and gravity of mood, or the still more perfect "letters" to her friends, has, I think, missed a new kind of poetic diversion—a new loveliness, evasive, alert, pronounced in every interval and serious, modestly so, and at a bound leaping as it were like some sky child pranking with the clouds and the hills and the valleys beneath them. Child she surely was always, playing in some celestial garden space in her mind, where every species of tether was unendurable, where freedom for this childish sport was the one thing necessary to her ever young and incessantly capering mind. It must be said, then, that "fascination was her element"; everything to her was wondrous, sublimely magical, awesomely inspiring and thrilling. It was the event of many moons to have someone she liked say so much as "good morning" to her in human tongue; it was the event of every instant to have the flowers

and birds call her by name, and hear the clouds exult at her approach. She was the brightest young sister of fancy, as she was the gifted young daughter of the ancient imagination.

One feels everywhere in her verse and in her letters an unexcelled freshness, a brightness of metaphor and of imagery, a peculiar gift that could have come only from this part of our country, this part of the world, this very spot which has bred so many intellectual and spiritual entities, wrapped in the garments of isolation, robed with questioning. Her genius is in this sense essentially local, as much the voice of the spirit of New England as it is possible for one to be.

If ever wanderer hitched vehicle to the comet's tail, it was this poetic sprite woman; no one ever rode the sky and the earth as she did in this radiant and sky-bright mind of hers. She loved all things because all things were in one way or another bright for her, and of a blinding brightness from which she often had to hide her face. She embroidered all her thoughts with starry intricacies, and gave them the splendor of frosty traceries upon the windowpane, and of the raindrop in the sun, and summered them with the fragrancing of the many early and late flowers of her own fanciful conjuring. They are glittering garlands of her clear, cool fancies, these poems, fraught in some instances, as are certain finely cut stones, with an exceptional mingling of lights coursing swiftly through them. She was avid of starlight and of sunlight alike, and of that light by which all things are illumined with a splendor not their own merely, but lent them by shafts from that radiant sphere which she leaned from, that high place in her mind.

To think of this poet is to think of crystal, for she lived in a radianced world of innumerable facets, and the common instances were chariots upon which to ride wildly over the edges of infinity. She is alive for us now in those rare fancies of hers. You will find in her all that is winsome, strange, fanciful, fantastic, and irresistible in the Eastern character. She is first and best in lightsomeness of temper, for the Eastern is known as an essentially tragic genius. She is in modern times perhaps the single exponent of the

quality of true celestial frivolity. She was like dew and the soft summer rain, and the light upon the lips of flowers of which she loved to sing. Her mind and her spirit were one, soul and sense inseparable. She was the little sister of Shelley, and the more playful relative of Francis Thompson. She had about her the imperishable quality that hovers about all things young and strong and beautiful; she conveyed the sense of beauty ungovernable. What she has of religious and moral tendencies in nowise disturbs those who love and appreciate true poetic essences.

For Emily Dickinson had in her eyes the climbing lances of the sun; she had in her heart love and pity for the immeasurable, innumerable, pitiful, and pitiable things. She was a quenchless mother in her gift for solace. Like all aristocrats, she hated mediocrity; and like all first-rate jewels, she had no rift to hide. She was not a maker of poetry; she was a thinker of poetry. She was not a conjuror of words so much as a magician in sensibility. She had only to see and feel and hear to be in touch with all things with a name or with things that must be forever nameless. If she loved people, she loved them for what they were; if she despised them, she despised them for what they did, or for lack of power to feel they could not do. Silence under a tree was a far more talkative experience with her than converse with one or a thousand dull minds. Her throng was the air, and her wings were the multitude of flying movements in her brain. She had only to think and she was amid numberless minarets and golden domes; she had only to think and the mountain cleft its shadow in her heart.

Emily Dickinson is in no sense toil for the mind unaccustomed to the labors of reading: she is too fanciful and delicious ever to make heavy the head; she sets you to laughter and draws a smile across your face for pity and lets you loose again amid the measureless pleasing little humanities. I shall always want to read Emily Dickinson, for she points her finger at all tiresome scholasticism, and takes a chance with the universe about her and the first poetry it offers at every hand, within the eye's easy glancing. She has made poetry memorable as a pastime for the mind, and sent the heavier ministerial tendencies fly-

ing to a speedy oblivion. What a child she was, child impudent, with a heavily rippling in her brain!

These random passages from her writings will show at once the rarity of her tastes and the originality of her phrasing:

February passed like a kate, and I know March. . . . Here is the light the stranger said was not on sea or land—myself could arrest it, but will not chagrin him. The wind blows gay today, and the jays bark like blue terriers.

Friday I tasted life, it was a vast morsel. . . . A circus passed the house—still I feel the red in my mind though the drums are out.

If I read a book, and it makes my whole body so cold no fire will ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. Is there no other way?

None but a Yankee mind could concoct such humors and fascinatingly pert phrases as are found here. They are like the chatterings of the interrupted squirrel in the tree-hole. There is so much of high gossip in these poetic turns of hers that throughout her books one finds a multitude of playful tricks for the pleased mind to run with. She was an intoxicated being, drunken with the little tipsy joys of the simplest form, shaped as they were to elude always her evasive imagination into thinking that nothing she could think or feel but was extraordinary and remarkable. "Your letter gave no drunkenness because I tasted rum before—Domingo comes but once," she wrote to Colonel Higginson, a pretty conceit surely to offer a loved friend.

These passages will give the unfamiliar reader a taste of the sparkle of the poet's hurrying fancy. She will always delight those who love her type of elfish, evasive genius. And those who care for the vivid and living element in words will find her, to say the least, among the masters in her feeling for their strange shapes and for the fresh significances contained in them. A born thinker of poetry, and in a great measure a gifted writer of it, refreshing many a heavy moment made dull with the weightiness of books or of burdensome thinking, this poet-sprite sets scurrying all weariness of the brain; and they shall have an hour of sheer delight who invite poetic converse with Emily Dickinson. She will repay with funds of rich celestial coin from her rare and precious fancyings.

MARSDEN HARTLEY.

Anthropology Put to Work

Recent developments are bound to accentuate the demand for practical utilization of science. This trend is not only natural under the present circumstances but derives not a little support from both philosophy and history. While our pragmatists are vindicating that "instrumental" theory of knowledge which subordinates it to some definite end, historians have shown that the progress of science is intimately bound up with technology. But this point of view must not degenerate into a crude Gradgrind policy, lest it defeat its own ends. It is no longer admissible to decree that this or that department of thought merely caters to the gratification of idle curiosity. Time and time again researches begun through purely intellectual yearnings have yielded an ample return in social service. Generally speaking, the greatest results are achieved when a sense for practical necessities is coupled with a grasp of theoretical principles. It was thus that Helmholtz, at once physician and physicist, came to invent the ophthalmoscope.

So far as the older sciences are concerned our Gradgrinds have surrendered. The ultimate constitution of matter and the theory of relativity are not matters to arouse their enthusiasm any more than the philological exegesis of an Homeric text. But they know that physics and chemistry have revolutionized methods of production and transportation; and they are willing to connive at the speculative dross that is somehow transmuted into the pure gold of aniline dyes, increased corn crops, and touring sedans. The newer branches of knowledge however are still suspect, for their uses are not so clear. As highbrow festoonings of academic bowers they may be tolerated, as one endures the piano-playing or other parlor accomplishments of an adolescent daughter; but any connection with the vital affairs of life does not even loom as a possibility.

Yet the development of psychology is instructive from this point of view. When Professor Cattell less than fifteen years ago ventured a guess that people would come to consult the psychologist as they are now consulting physicians, his predic-

tion roused skepticism in quarters where the study of mind was still linked with Aristotelian logic. Today we find trained psychologists with captains' and majors' commissions testing applicants for special army and navy service; pedagogical enigmas are illuminated by inquiries into individual variability; and that apparently most trivial of pursuits, the study of dreams, has become a powerful weapon in the hands of the psycho-analytic practitioner.

Has anthropology likewise reached a stage where its conclusions may exert a potent influence on life? The answer is an emphatic affirmative. The intensive preoccupation with such esoteric hobbies as cranial dimensions and basketry weaves, with quaint social usages and quainter religious cults, is not without its wider bearings. Thinking particularly of those survivals from savagery which hinder progress and which anthropology marks out for removal, Tylor spoke of it as "a reformer's science." It is that and more. It is the universal prophylactic against loose thinking on practical problems that are ever with us; it precludes views that are intellectually unsound and socially pernicious but which the untutored mind almost automatically embraces because of their meretricious reasonableness. As Graham Wallas has outlined the results of modern psychology that affect political thought, so it remains for some adventurous anthropologist to provide a corresponding vade mecum of knowledge alike for the statesman and the man in the street.

For a moment's reflection shows that there is really no escape from anthropology in the world of affairs. Every important issue, no matter what may be its other aspects, has also an anthropological phase. Consciously or unconsciously, therefore, the citizen is bound to assume an anthropological point of view. He may argue that private property is a necessity of human nature—thereby postulating his omniscience as to the history of that institution among the various groups of mankind. He may decree that woman is organically incapable of performing certain

tasks, or with the extreme feminists that her recent status is but a lapse from primeval glory; and in either case he is, knowingly or unwittingly, attempting to summarize a body of anthropological data. Again, he is confronted with the Negro problem, and in arriving at a definite attitude he is obliged to operate with the anthropological concepts of racial inferiority or equality.

Thus there is literally no escape from anthropology. Hume's words, though intended to vindicate the value of psychology, may be quoted verbatim on behalf of the sister science: "There is no question of importance whose decision is not comprised in the science of man; and there is none which can be decided with any certainty before we become acquainted with that science." The only problem that looms ominously on the horizon is this: Shall the decisions reached on questions affecting human welfare be the dictates of chance, of the rule-of-thumb anthropology of the herd—ignorant as to facts, antiquated in point of view, shot through with traditional prejudice or thoughtless sentimentalism? Or shall it be the science of today, reared by the labors of dozens of trained and unbiased workers on the ashes of that folk-anthropology which bears to modern knowledge the relation which ancient astrology bears to astronomy, or medieval midwifery to obstetrics? To ask the question is to answer it.

Manifestly this is not the place to develop, even in outline, the science of applied anthropology, but an example or two may not be out of place. Among the doubting Thomases who have watched the overthrow of the Czar the query has been broached whether the Russians could possibly establish a modern democracy without previously passing through a stage of industrialism in consonance with the course of Western European history. This problem reflects implicitly a definite view of human civilization, the so-called unilinear theory which assumes that mankind must everywhere conform to the same laws of evolution, every step being necessary at a certain stage of development. Now this view, which through Lewis H. Morgan and his popularizers has attained an unprecedented vogue in lay circles, has been long discredited among professional an-

thropologists. Doubtless certain conditions are favorable to certain sequels and there may be a limited degree of parallel evolution in different areas. But, broadly speaking, the supposed laws break down lamentably. Even in so relatively simple a phenomenon as the domestication of animals we find diversity rather than agreement. Thus, it would seem to the mind undebauched by ethnological learning that the domestication of cattle must lead automatically to the milking of cows; yet the Chinese and other East Asiatics have not taken to dairying in thousands of years of intimacy with the bovine species. On the other hand, it is a commonplace of anthropology that wholly unexpected effects suddenly appear as a result of contact with other peoples. No group develops in splendid isolation from others; all peoples derive the bulk of their cultural possessions from alien sources. There was no possible way for the ancient Scandinavians to progress unaided from the stone to the bronze age, for the tin prerequisite for the alloy was lacking in their country; yet through contact with populations free from this limitation they were started on the highroad to a loftier civilization.

To return to Russia. It is of course possible that certain conditions exist that hinder the establishment of a stable republic there. But to regard a preceding era of industrialism as indispensable is to exalt the discarded theory of an earlier generation into an immutable dogma. To the statesman who has kept in touch with anthropological thought, that source of confusion at least will be spared.

Of greater importance still is the relation of race, language, and culture; for without a correct comprehension of these basic concepts many practical questions cannot be sanely envisaged. To take a single illustration from current war literature. We are frequently assured that the character now displayed by the Germans has been distinctively theirs from the beginning of history, that it represents accordingly an organic trait. Now this view involves a series of anthropological postulates, some of which are demonstrably ridiculous. In the first place, the assumption is made that the Germans represent a single stock; yet this is not even

true of the Prussians. Any large random assemblage of Germans—that is, natives of the artificial political unit known as the German Empire—reveals the fairly long-headed, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired giant from Oldenburg jostling the round-faced, middle-sized or short burgher from Baden with his jet-black hair and tawny complexion. The two represent quite distinct Caucasian subraces, the Nordic and the Alpine. If human types differing in physical traits also differ in their mental and moral manifestations, then we cannot speak of the organic deficiencies of Germans, but only of the Nordic or the Alpine Germans.

Here, however, we are confronted with a significant fact. The Nordic German is indistinguishable from the North European type as found, say, in Scotland and Sweden. Hence whatever iniquities are organically the property of North Germans must be shared by Britons and Scandinavians. On the other hand, the Alpine German is racially identical with the Swiss and a vast portion of the French, Italian, and Slavic peoples. Hence those traits which the Alpine German displays not because of training but through his congenital make-up must appear in equal measure among his congeners of French, Italian, and Slavic speech or national affiliation. The conclusion is obvious. We are not dealing with organic differences at all, but with differences of tradition and training. The practical consequences of this conclusion are enormous. For if moral iniquity were an ineradicable trait of German *nature*, we could not stop short of Shaw's jocular counsel to extirpate German women as the seed-bed of such infamy. But if the undesirable traits are the results of *nurture*, then a change of traditions and cultural atmosphere suffices. Thus a knowledge of the most elementary anthropological facts clarifies at once the international situation and serves as a preventive against the insane statecraft of the hysterical obscurantist.

It is possibly no mere accident that anthropological courses have taken firm root in our Western state universities. In these much maligned centers of citricultural research and pomological experimentation there is often a larger vision as to essential educational activities than in the

older privately endowed institutions. It may be in no small measure a glimpse of such wider practical bearings as I have suggested that has led to the rise of our largest anthropological school under the leadership of Professor A. L. Kroeber of the University of California. With still more assurance we can attribute the recent founding of a chair of anthropology at the University of Washington to a growing confidence in the prophylactic usefulness of the science of Man. *Ex occidente lux!*

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Two Poems

GHETTO TWILIGHT

An infinite weariness comes into the faces of the old tenements

As they stand massed together on the block,
Tall and thoughtfully silent,
In the enveloping twilight.

Pensively,

They eye each other across the street
Through their dim windows—
With a sad recognizing stare,
Watching the red glow fading in the distance,
At the end of the street,
Behind the black church spires;
Watching the vague sky lowering overhead,
Purple with clouds of colored smoke
From the extinguished sunset;
Watching the tired faces coming home from work—

Like dry-breasted hags

Welcoming their children to their withered arms.

NOCTURNE

As we walked there by the park-wall!
The moon went with us all the way,

Shining from behind the trees

Big and round and yellow—

Like a Chinese lantern

Dangling from the dark sky

By some invisible thread;

As we walked there by the park-wall

The moon followed us all the way,

Big-faced and piteous,

Like a wild creature

Snared behind the impenetrable network of the trees;

As we stopped there in the doorway

The moon watched us all the time,

Yellow-faced and envious,

Like a jealous lover

Peering through the lattice of the trees.

ALTER BRODY.

Our London Letter

How unpleasant it would be to think of sitting down to compose a "London Letter" in mid-July—if I were actually in London. But at the moment of writing I am a hundred miles away and can settle to the business with comparative calmness of mind and in relative freshness of air. But the air is not too fresh. There has been no rain here to speak of for weeks; and today there is only just enough, at long intervals, to shake one's faith in the brilliant sun that appears in between—just enough, I may say, to make it seem the better part to settle down to this letter instead of sauntering to the top of Dover's Hill, there dreamily to survey the surrounding country or to—sleep.

For I am in Gloucestershire now, though tomorrow I shall be in London and there shall finish and post this letter, which will be sufficient excuse, I hope, for dating it from the city of my abomination. The fact may perhaps seem irrelevant to the matter I have in hand. I wrote it down, indeed, for the sheer joy of writing it; but now that it is written I can see a certain relevance in it. For some such country town as this occupies a space, perhaps a disproportionate space, in the universe of nearly every Londoner who occupies himself with the dusty business of polite letters. Here I came by accident two years ago, choosing the place at random on the map as a good jumping-off point for walking a couple of hundred miles down to the sea; and here I had an experience which, I think, is not uncommon but which I shall proceed to relate.

The road from the station was long, bare and dusty, and mostly up-hill. We came into the town late in the afternoon. There is only one street, very wide, lying in a gentle curve from north to south. All the houses are built of Cotswold stone, which is of a grayish color in winter, but in summer, when all the damp is sweated out of it, glows golden-yellow in the sun. They have steeply roofs and high gables, covered with slats of the same stone. The gables are characteristic. One architect here liked his so much that he refused to spoil them by running a gutter round them and ran it direct through the rooms instead. (In that house, rumor says, they take turns with the bath-water, passing it on by the gutter when it is done with . . .) Most of the houses were built before the Civil Wars, some of them considerably earlier. The street cannot have presented in the seventeenth century an aspect very differ-

ent from that which it presents now. A few dignified late Georgian houses were built when the Napoleonic Wars raised the price of corn and enriched the farmers; but that is all.

We came in, I say, late in the afternoon. Nobody stirred in the street. A large dusty dog slept in the middle of the road. The inn signs—there is one inn per hundred inhabitants—hung quite motionless; and there was a sky of brilliant blue and white, over the golden houses, such as I have never seen except in the Cotswolds. When we swore that here some day we should live, we were only making a resolution that members of the literary community carry into effect every day in great numbers. I doubt if we ever really shall. The choice defines itself with disagreeable clearness when one comes close to it—either live in the country and regret London or live in London and sigh for the country. It is better, perhaps, not to realize the ideal. After all, the houses and the hills and the lanes are always here when one wants them; but friends forget one, and one grows out of one's occupations, and these things cannot be replaced.

Yet everywhere writers are forsaking the town and settling in the country. Fleet Street flings out an ever widening circle of her disgusted children, with Mr. Belloc at Horsham in Sussex, Mr. Chesterton at Beaconsfield in Buckingham, Mr. Wells at Dunmow in Essex, and innumerable colonies of poets, painters, and what not in the South Downs and the Surrey Downs, in Berkshire and Gloucestershire and Hampshire. It all began with the cult of the Knapsack and the Broken Boot, which sprang from Borrow, which Stevenson made literary, and which Mr. Belloc elevated to the level of a dogma. Just as once the literary man had to be urbane and to enjoy the smell of the pavement, so now he must like tramping and want to carry his pajamas and toothbrush romantically in a little bag slung over his shoulders. And one by one these sophisticated vagrants have found the ideal spot and have settled there.

It both indicates and induces a feeling for nature which is very different from that of the Romantics. They, with the occasional exception of Wordsworth, had a predilection for Chasms, Precipices, Caverns, Waterfalls, and Forests. We like a country that has been subjected to man; we like woods, fields, hedges, haystacks, and villages at convenient distances apart. After all, I think, the countryside of England is the most characteristic English thing there is; and it is fast disappearing. But litera-

ture is after it and is describing it as it has never been described before. It is destined to survive after all and to make another tradition, which no doubt will in time grow to be artificial and divorced from reality. But at the moment it is a real and potent and on the whole a very healthful influence.

This rather lengthy digression is excusable—apart from its own enormous intrinsic value—on the ground that literature in London has been very quiet recently. We are really beginning to feel the pinch for paper. It began by snuffing out the aspirants altogether and next hampered recent comers to the profession. Now it is squeezing the famous, and Heaven knows where it will stop. A publisher offered a new novel, by Sir Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli, of the length which these writers usually favor, would probably have to produce it at a loss. I cannot say that I should feel very much for him. A publisher told me the other day that a book which sold before the war at five shillings ought to cost twenty-five shillings now. I rather suspect that he was multiplying his own and everybody else's profit—except, probably, the author's royalties—as well as the cost of production; but anyway if costs have gone up to such an extent, a publisher who can carry on without ruin on a paltry increase of twenty per cent. or so must have been doing very well before the war.

Meanwhile the only literary event of any importance has been the publication of an address by the Poet Laureate, entitled "The Necessity of Poetry" (Clarendon Press; 2s). It was delivered to the Tredegar and District Coöperative Society; and Dr. Bridges suggests that he felt that in lecturing on poetry, a thing he much dislikes, he was "doing his bit." He is, of course, besides being Poet Laureate, a most distinguished poet with many lovely creations to his credit; and what is more than these things, he is a poet whom the younger generation is willing to revere and to accept, in some measure, as a master. For this reason considerable interest attaches to any pronouncement from him on the subject of poetry. I must own however that I found his lecture somewhat arid and uninteresting. He was obviously afraid of boring his audience and unwilling to palm off on them empty generalizations which he would have known for worthless and of which he would have been ashamed. He therefore compromised by speaking of difficult matters but handling them so gingerly as not to extract any profit from them. And so much still remains

to be done in matters, which however, it may be argued, the Tredegar Coöperative Society was not prepared to listen to. But Dr. Bridges might some day, somewhere go deeper than the dictum that the mind is full of concepts and that free and spontaneous movement of these is genius and produces poetry. He might have been more exhaustive on the origin of the pleasure we take in meters than he showed himself in saying that the ear is delighted by delicately managed deviations from a fixed standard. But the advance of psychology renders it more than ever possible to apply the scientific method to the elucidation of the nature of poetry, and indeed of all the arts. I do not mean that there is not something in poetic inspiration which is probably forever beyond the grasp of the mere intellect. But I do believe that we include in this Unknown many things which are capable of being known; and I do believe that careful investigation of the inexplicable element, undertaken by somebody of imaginative sympathy, would give us a clearer notion of it. Would that a new William James should arise! Meanwhile Dr. Bridges is understood to be preparing for publication the poems of his friend the late Father Gerard Hopkins, and this is an announcement that may be received with pleasure. These poems have been long the secret delight of a very few and have sometimes been used as a mere name to overawe the uninitiated. They combine, I believe, a strange but genuine poetic exuberance and exaltation with very strange prosodical theory and practice. Soon we shall know all about them.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, July 15, 1918.

Sympathy

They who discern not,
Who shall inform them
Or make them perceive
What their eyes are beholding?
Can they be glad with your joy
Or pulse with your heart-beats?
You point the face in the cloud
And they who look after
Shall laugh at your beholding
And your pleasure be ashamed.
Give not the gold of your joy
Into hands that tarnish.

HELEN HOYT.

Democracy's Permanent Task

DEMOCRACY AFTER THE WAR. By J. A. Hobson. Macmillan; \$2.

This book by the dean of English liberals and economists is the very distillation of wisdom. It exposes with sureness and clarity the complex of forces and motives which present a solid front to democracy, the vicious circle of reaction. Mr. Hobson calls the first half of his book, in which this task is so persuasively accomplished, "The Enemies of Democracy." If his volume were to end there—so sane and concrete and humanistic is his picture of the formidable bloc of illiberal power, which in its heart hates democracy and all its works—the reader might be pardoned for giving way to despair for the future. The citadel of privilege and prestige looks well-nigh impregnable. Yet in the second half of the book, "The Defence of Democracy," Mr. Hobson does point the way to permanent victory—the only possible and therefore, being possible, the only desirable way, I am convinced. It is not the plea of a particularist reformer; it is not any specious panacea evolved from the emotional distress occasioned by the war. It is the counsel, springing from expert knowledge and broad sympathy, for a general method of approach, an irrefutable argument for organized and conscious democratic will and purpose. It does not ignore the hard facts; it admits the grave dangers of possible defeat. There is none of that kind of fatuous optimism which assumes that democracy will necessarily come into its own if we merely wait for the hands of the clock to move round far enough. "Facts are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we wish to deceive ourselves?" asked Bishop Butler. And it is this hard-headedness and objectivity, coupled with genuine concern for a more decent life for the great bulk of exploited human beings, which gives to Mr. Hobson's book its immediate importance and lasting value.

What is this vicious circle of reaction, this thing to be attacked, against which democracy must struggle for its very life? It is an unholy alliance (and often an unconscious alliance) between various forces, expressing its tendencies as these are sometimes stabilized in certain concrete institutions. It is the bureaucratic state, in so far as the state attempts to resist the encroachments of popular attacks on vested interests; it is the church, in so far as the church, with whatever good intentions, attempts to take the

edge off popular discontent by offering spiritual consolation for the discomforts of this world; it is the law, in so far as the law attempts to make legal precedent a protection for the rights of improerty (as Hobson terms unearned increment); it is protectionism and imperialism, in so far as they attempt to promote national rivalries and economic jealousies leading invariably to war; it is secret diplomacy, in so far as secret diplomacy attempts to use the whole force of a nation in the dark; it is the press, in so far as the press attempts to keep the popular mind fluid and irresponsible so that public opinion cannot formulate a definite course of action in terms of general welfare. Not only do these forces attempt to preserve the economic status quo; they actually do, to a large extent, succeed. And militarism is their child, as it is their protector. Yet it would be the worst of folly to concentrate upon merely the economic side of the reactionary alliance. For the intensity of the reactionary drive comes from a much more irrational and instinctive background than any cold calculation of self-interest. This is the conventional fallacy of the socialists. Mr. Hobson is far from saying that the socialists are wrong in their essential analysis; on the contrary, he says they are basically right. But a good diagnostician is not necessarily a good doctor. And the common man does not like to be called "materialistic," as he invariably is when he concentrates his criticism on the typical forms of economic injustice. So it comes about that by skilful exploitation of the instincts of vanity, prestige, of the desire for nobility or distinction—describe it hostilely or favorably, as you will—the very criticism (economic) which is most relevant to the existing situation is vitiated at its source. Critics of the present order will not get very far so long as they fail to recognize the human and psychological aura of feelings, vanities, and desires in which every hard economic fact is wrapped. That is why Mr. Hobson believes there is more to be gained tactically by an "appeal to reason," skilfully engineered, to the dominant class than by shrill vituperation. This, not because the vituperation is not deserved, but merely on account of strategy, a strategy which those most in sympathy with democracy far too often betray by their impulsiveness.

How then shall democracy be victorious in its struggle against the vast array of forces bent on its undoing? Certainly not by abandoning the state, as syndicalists sometimes suggest in their despair at the ineffectiveness of political action.

After all, the state, like the poor, we have always with us, and after the war it will be more rather than less necessary to employ its instrumentalities. Industrial, financial, commercial, and economic laissez-faire doctrines are an expensive luxury which the impoverished world after the war will not be able to afford. The wastes of political control of industry and production are still enormous—and will continue to be until there is something like professional and scientific management. But the wastes of the old type of business competition are disastrous. So the question of whether or not the state shall continue to direct the main economic and industrial activities is largely academic. The only question is who shall control the state. The ultimate hope must then be that democracy capture the state as a whole. For, as Mr. Hobson says, the only cure for the capitalistic state is not to abandon it, but to make it completely democratic.

Now to capture the state as a whole, democracy needs primarily to unite—to emerge from the ineffective particularism of special reforms into a general democratic unity. Like Austria, reactionism has preserved its power by observing the old rule of divide and conquer. One needs only to follow the trail of any specific reform to see how it leads back invariably to the need of a general victory, rather than of a series of minor victories, for democracy. Every advance is indissolubly, if subtly, bound up with the success of an advance as a whole. It must be a major and general offensive against privilege and prestige rather than a succession of minor and tactical attacks. Foreign policy cannot be democratized unless the state is democratized; but the state cannot be democratized until labor and industry are democratized; neither can labor and industry be effectively changed until general education is made liberal, and education will be stultified as long as the press is left to the exploiters of passion and unreason. And so at whatever point we confront the reactionary circle we find that for democracy to win it must become united and must attack not single things but the entire whole simultaneously.

More specifically, the two chief types of problems which will confront democracy after the war will group around the two complementary economic phenomena of production and distribution or consumption. Now concerning production Mr. Hobson frankly warns labor that it must once and for all abandon its terror of increased production in so far as that increase is not the result of added direct toil but of "dilu-

tion" of labor, scientific management, better organization, and so on. For it can be statistically shown that even the pre-war income of an entire nation—without the excessive expenditures on armaments involved in belligerency—would not, were it equally distributed, suffice for a full life for each person in the democracy. In Great Britain, for example, it would be a mere \$680 a year for an average family of four. Everyone of course now realizes that productivity in peace essentials has been seriously impaired by the war, and that the need for increased production will be necessarily greater when hostilities finally end. For some time, too, large armaments are likely to be a regular feature of every nation's economic life. There can be no question that increased productivity is a necessity. Yet the suspicion of labor before the demand for it is understandable. When, in the past, has labor been assured that the products of increased production would be equitably distributed? Again, the only way to allay that suspicion is for democracy to capture the state.

For the complementary problem of consumption or distribution of wealth is largely a question of taxation, wage fixing, expenditure on public works, and so on—all problems which will be solved or muddled through according as political action is wise or foolish, according, for a specific example, as the incidence of taxation falls primarily upon all the different types of improvidence. And once more democracy is forced to the difficult necessity for capturing the state as a whole.

Yet capturing the state, as the experience of this war has too painfully shown, means much more than merely capturing a parliamentary or (as in our own case) Congressional majority through the effective exercise of the adult franchise. For modern legislation is merely a kind of blank check to be filled in by administrative bureaus. Our own Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, exercises a function which might not unjustly be described as legislative, with an appeal against its legislation to the reviewing body of Congress—this has been its inevitable and unconscious development. Therefore if democracy is to capture the state as a whole, it needs to develop those trained technicians and experts who can combine scientific knowledge with broad democratic sympathies. This in its turn demands the broadening of education, the reform of the press, the organization in unity of attack all along the line, the necessity for which Mr. Hobson so unassailably reveals in his book.

Will democracy succeed in its permanent task? Here are the possibilities which make for a negative answer:

The forces of reaction will be more closely consolidated than before, more conscious of their community of interest and of the part which they respectively can play in the maintenance of "social order." They will have had recent and striking testimony to the submissive and uncritical character of the people, and of their own ability to impose their arbitrary will upon the conduct of affairs in which the popular temper was supposed to be most sensitive. They will have at their disposal a large number of new legal instruments of coercion and the habits of obeying them derived from several years of use. The popular mind will have been saturated with sentiments and ideas favorable to a constructive policy of national defence, Imperialism, Protectionism, and bureaucratic Socialism making for a close State under class control with the empty forms of representative government. All the educative and suggestive institutions, Church, schools and universities, Press, places of amusement, will be poisoned with false patriotism and class domination masquerading as national unity.

That is the black side of the picture. On the other side these forces are making for a new world:

A powerful fund of genuine democratic feeling will be liberated with the peace. The temper of the peoples, released from the tension of war, will be irritable and suspicious, and this irritability and suspicion, copiously fed by stories of governmental incompetence and capitalistic greed in the conduct of the war, and sharpened by personal sacrifices and privations, will be dangerous for governments. The contrast between the liberties for which they were fighting and the new restraints to which they are subjected will be disconcerting and instructive. Every trade and every locality will have its special difficulties and grievances. Economic and financial troubles will everywhere break up the artificial national unity of war-time, and the grave political cleavages that must display themselves when the issues of taxation, permanent conscription, State ownership of industries, imperial federation, and international relations open out, will, by breaking the old moulds of party, set free large volumes of political energy for new experiments in political and economic reconstruction. Many of the old taboos of class prestige, sex distinction, sanctity of property, and settled modes of living and of thinking, will be broken for large sections of the population. The returning armies will carry back into their homes and industries powerful reactions against militarism and will not be disposed to take lying down the attempt of the reactionists to incorporate it as a fixed institution in the State. In every country of Europe popular discontent will be seething and suspicions against rulers gathering. In other words, all the factors of violent or pacific revolution will exist in conscious activity. The raw material and energy for a great democratic movement will be at hand, provided that thought, organization, and direction can make them effective.

Here is the real issue and the permanent conflict. The cleavage has never been stated more soundly or more succinctly.

HAROLD STEARNS.

The Meaning of Architecture

THE MEANING OF ARCHITECTURE. By Irving K. Pond. Marshall Jones; \$2.

A book with such a title, published at a time when architecture as an art is moribund, arouses only the expectation of the usual dish of intellectual prunes—canned opinions on Classic and Gothic of the kind that are dished up by writers and lecturers on aesthetics. The more so, since the name of the author, Irving K. Pond, is an unfamiliar one to the mere reader of books. But Mr. Pond is a "prune-hater," a man of powerful and original mind and indomitable will. After many years of striving with the recalcitrant materials with which architects are forced to deal, and after long brooding over the problems they are required to solve, he has given us in this book the final distillation of a lifetime of thought and endeavor embodied in one of those generic root-ideas, so vital that, in the exaggerated language of Oriental proverbial philosophy, "if you were to tell this to a dry stick, branches would grow and leaves sprout from it." This unpretentious little volume disposes of whole libraries of architectural comment and criticism.

The central and controlling idea of Mr. Pond's book is that architecture should always and everywhere express the action and interplay of those powerful invisible physical forces which determine form and structure. From an engineering standpoint no building is inert in the large sense; there is always compression and tension—a submission to, or a striving against, some manner of pull, thrust, or strain. Conceived of in this way, every building is, as it were, a theater for the play of concealed forces, a drama which only the technically trained mind can fully grasp and architectural art fully render. Just as it is the part of the dramatist to present and make intelligible and articulate that subsurface warfare of temperament and character which is the very texture of social life, so it is the architect's business to dramatize to the eye of the beholder the effort of the building to become a roofed enclosure, to triumph by reconciliation and adjustment over those natural forces which both maintain and threaten it. Without such dramatization by the architect, in the form of external expression and symbolization, the building would be voiceless to the beholder and therefore without interest—a work of engineering merely—just as without the poet, novelist, dramatist, the *comédie humaine* would not make the same imaginative appeal.

Stated thus briefly and baldly, there perhaps

appears to be nothing new in this idea. It embodies a not unfamiliar truth, however little honored by use or by observance. But in the hands of Mr. Pond this truth takes on new meanings, enforces itself upon our acceptance in novel and surprising ways. His detailed analysis of the operation of those natural forces which determine form and structure, his correlation of them with the forces operative in human life, and his portrayal of the amazing and beautiful manner in which they find symbolic expression in the great buildings of the past constitute the major excellence of his book. The suggestions it contains as to new ways in which the same thing may be accomplished now, are of more debatable value. But the development and presentation of an hypothesis so reasonable, illuminating, and suggestive is itself an achievement of the highest type.

In no spirit of disparagement it must be said that in his literary and pictorial presentation the author has done somewhat less than justice to his theme. To the informed and educated reader the book is clear, and if he be sufficiently imaginative and open-minded, convincing; but for lay uses, in certain parts and passages it perhaps presupposes too great a familiarity with the technical language used by architects and engineers. Mr. Pond's personal applications of his theory, though always interesting, are sometimes not wholly convincing, and they are made less so by the purely linear method of rendering employed. Photographs of executed work would have been better, and they would have made clear a fact of which the book fails to inform the reader, that Mr. Pond is an architect of structures full of individuality and imagination which are at the same time logical and practical.

It is only when one comes to the matter of the creation of new ornamental motifs that there is a distinct consciousness of failure on the part of Mr. Pond—not a failure of theory, but of its application. The ability to create original ornament is perhaps the rarest in the whole range of art, and it is plain that Mr. Pond possesses it not, just as in presence of one of Mr. Louis Sullivan's buildings it is plain that he carries it in his waistcoat pocket. This only means that the fairy godmother who has the bestowal of this gift was absent from the cradle of the one and present at that of the other: it does not in the least invalidate the principles enunciated by Mr. Pond. Meanwhile this volume is one of the most original, penetrating, constructive books on architecture yet written by an American.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Tender and Tough Minded Historians

FRANCE, ENGLAND AND EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY: 1215-1915. A Historical Survey of the Principles Underlying the Entente Cordiale. By Charles Cestre. Translated by Leslie M. Turner. Putnam; \$2.50.

AMERICA AMONG THE POWERS. By H. H. Powers. Macmillan; \$1.50.

M. Cestre's book reminds me of a saying of Pascal: "Time composes old quarrels, because one changes. Neither the offender nor the offended is any longer himself. It is like a people whom we have irritated and whom we meet again after two generations; we are still French, but not the same." The English and the French have irritated each other often enough. For two centuries and a half the rivalry of these two peoples was so constant that it could be taken as a postulate of European diplomacy. Yet within a short generation they have composed their quarrels; and now that Englishmen are freely giving their lives to defend Paris it is not strange if they should appear, in the eyes of the French, "still English but not the same." It is in this new light that M. Cestre writes of England.

M. Cestre is too much of a Frenchman not to endeavor to see things as in themselves they really are; and if his book is essentially an apology for England, it is by no means an apology inspired by blind admiration. He is not unaware of the "realism" of English policy, of the interested character of English diplomacy, of the less defensible episodes in English history. But this, he thinks, is not the time to stress these things—"not the place to insist upon the shortcomings of the English conscience." This is the time to insist upon the excellent side of English character and upon the notable achievements of England in the cause of human progress. M. Cestre might, in fact, have appropriately entitled his book "What England Has Done for Liberty." He accordingly portrays the English as Frenchmen have rarely portrayed them: he portrays them as they might wish to see themselves, in terms of their better selves and their higher aspirations; and he interprets their history as shaped, almost in spite of themselves, by these transcendent forces to noble ends.

There is, indeed, a certain Hegelian flavor in M. Cestre's fundamental thesis—that the history of England and the history of France are the concrete manifestations of the two vital principles of liberty and equality. It is true that the English (practical realists, but never surrendering to a

(rass materialism) have always attended to their own interests and have never waged war without first calculating the profit to be obtained by it; but the result of attending to their own interests has been to make England, without any such idealistic purpose on her part, the mother of liberty and the defender of small nations—the defender of small nations, for the most part, against France, since France has, formerly, been concerned less with liberty than with equality, moved less by realistic aims than by devotion to certain abstract and universal principles. So often in conflict in the past, these two peoples have nevertheless derived benefit each from the other; the result of which is that in recent years England has moved in the direction of equality, and has taken on something of the spirit of French idealism, while France has learned the value of the practical realistic spirit of England, and has become devoted to liberty as the English understand it.

These, apart from all the concrete accidents of history, are the substantial influences that have brought France and England to stand together in this crucial world war. Not exempt from wrong-doing in the past . . . they have learned the lessons of experience and have submitted to the guidance of their better selves. Today they have forsaken ambition and conquest: they are striving to uphold certain lasting principles, born of groping endeavor, fostered silently through the ages, and matured in the light of their genius. English Liberty and French Equality constitute the base of all national greatness in the present and of all international progress in the future.

The alliance between the two countries, since they stand for the "same ideals," is no temporary affair.

The friendship of England and France is indissoluble. . . . The alliance will endure through the reciprocal moderation of the two nations, through their trustfulness, their veneration of right, and through their love of peace. . . . The two great nations are journeying henceforward hand in hand, united by a lasting friendship destined to be surest guarantee of the peace of the world.

One can at least hope that it may indeed be so.

Mr. Powers, I should guess, is not much sustained by such hopes. Mr. Powers looks at things in a quite different light from M. Cestre. He is not willing to overlook, even temporarily, what M. Cestre calls the "shortcomings of the English conscience," nor for that matter the shortcomings of anybody's conscience, least of all the shortcomings of the American conscience. Mr. Powers is one of those who pride themselves on "looking facts in the face." He has the air of saying: "Come, now, look at this object; it isn't pretty, I admit, but there it is; what's the use of blink-

ing?" He knows well that his tender-minded readers will often wish to interject the "ought to be" into the argument, and he has accordingly provided himself with a rough and effective answer to all such amiable considerations: "That is not the point," he will say, the point being always to find out simply what is the fact and to make the most of it. And how can you make the most of facts if you do not look them in the face?

With many people, looking the facts in the face means no more than that the disagreeable aspect of things is what chiefly strikes them. Mr. Powers is not to be dismissed by any such easy formula as this—far from it—but the number of disagreeable facts which he begs us to look at courageously is, at all events, extraordinary; so much so that one wonders whether he is not sometimes given to turning the facts around in order to find out whether they have not a concealed disagreeable side to look at. It is nevertheless a very right attitude—the desire to see things as in themselves they really are—more particularly perhaps at the present time, when we are in danger of seeing ourselves somewhat too much in a "light that never was on sea or land." It is Mr. Powers's part to dispel the mists that create illusion; and his book "America Among the Nations" is a useful effort in that direction, a kind of bracing north wind that falls not badly on the humid lower air of present-day emotionalism.

Mr. Powers would have us understand that America is now, and must be for all time to come, among the nations; but chiefly he would have us understand that, being there, she had best look out, and watch her step, and calculate her chances, and be prepared for the worst, and not be duped—at all hazards not be duped by temporary friendships and amenities. The days of our comfortable isolation are over; for the world has grown something too small, and every people wants, necessarily and rightly, its place in the sun. The thing of prime importance, therefore, is to be aware of this fact and of what it implies. What it chiefly implies is that at any time, by even slight shifts of circumstances, any or all nations may find in us their proper prey. "We shall never be . . . alive to our real danger until we can believe that a nation—almost any nation—when tempted by a great opportunity or driven by a great need, will despoil its neighbor." On January 1, 1870, Ruskin noted, as an evil sign, that

we English . . . are in much bodily fear; that is to say, afraid of the Russians; afraid of the Prussians; afraid of the Americans; afraid of the Hindoos; afraid of the Chinese; afraid of the Japanese; afraid of the New Zealanders; and afraid of the Caf-

fres: and very rightly so, being conscious that our only real desire respecting any of these nations has been to get as much out of them as we could.

Mr. Powers would hardly think this an evil sign; for he counsels us to put fear in our hearts, the fear of God too, no doubt, but above all the fear of the powers, great and little. The little as well as the great; the "unfeared powers," such as Holland, Denmark, Spain—these have all unsuspected possibilities of disaster for us: "Even Bulgaria may be our undoing." It goes without saying that the great powers will be, as they have always been—much more, indeed, than they have ever been—our chief menace. That the present war is something peculiar, something unique and out of place, perversely brought on by Germany; that the defeat of Germany will usher in the millennium of peace and good will—this is to regard hopes instead of realities. Mr. Powers does not doubt that we must defeat Germany; but aggression is a potential characteristic of all people, and in the nature of things new menaces and new conflicts will arise. "The struggle is with Germany today. It will be with Russia tomorrow."

It would be interesting to inquire whether Mr. Powers derives his philosophy from the facts he looks at, or whether the facts he looks at so intently are determined by his philosophy. His philosophy, at all events, is an old one, and extremely simple. It is that "doctrines do not determine destiny, but destiny determines doctrines." Climate in large measure determines physical exertion, or the lack of it; and "intellectual activities are in themselves a by-product of physical exertion." In hot climates physical exertion is slight and intellectual activity correspondingly diminished; from which it follows (and history bears it out) that, politically and industrially speaking, tropical peoples are and must remain inferior and "backward" peoples, and must accordingly be taken in hand by more energetic and advanced peoples; that is to say, by us, to the end that the resources of these countries, which are increasingly convenient for our purposes, may be obtained. Since we need rubber and have the ability to get it, we cannot help taking the tropical people in hand; any more than they, having fewer needs and less ability, can help being the kind of people that have to be taken in hand by us. It is true that what we have done (and will do) to "backward" peoples does not square with certain treasured and oft repeated documents, such as the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address; but this is only one of the facts that must be faced, and one of many which prove that "doctrines do not determine destiny."

What determines destiny is a complex of impersonal forces, of which the individual is a part, but of which he is not the master. It is this complex of impersonal forces that drives nations into war.

Nations do not fight to make money, nor to force open the doors of trade. Nor do they rally as slaves to serve the ambitions of an autocrat. They are moved by great common impulses, which individually they do not understand, to do things which individually they do not enjoy, to seek ends from which individually they do not profit. If this seems irrational, it is because our reasoning has taken account only of the individual life. . . . All attempts to translate this "oversoul" of the nation into terms of the individual life have been in vain and must always be in vain. To give it tangibility and substance is to degrade and falsify it. It envelopes us in an intangible atmosphere of emotion which expresses itself only in symbols. . . . In comparison, our lives of the moment forget to assert their little claims. The materialistic pacifist may jeer and argue, but men will worship still. The cult may be folly, but it is folly to forget that it is a cult.

Mr. Powers's philosophy is good Hegelian too, not so pure Hegelian as the philosophy of M. Cestre but still Hegelian, Hegelianism plus a little of Karl Marx and Darwin, and touched with the emotional exaltation of Kipling's "White Man's Burden." The fundamental assumption in this philosophy is that disastrous assumption which lies implicit in most nineteenth-century thought—the assumption that man cannot by taking thought shape his own destiny, since he is himself only part and parcel of a natural process, inextricably enmeshed in the complexly threaded forces that uselessly move the cosmos along its uncharted course. It is the philosophy of Romanticism, of the Historic Rights school of Savigny and Ranke, of the social theories that derive from Spencer and Darwin. It is the philosophy of the new Imperialism which flourished in England and France in the eighties and nineties, and which has been systematized and elaborated and ruthlessly applied by Germany. It is a philosophy which, in the name of an uncontrolled idealistic *élan vital*, bids you do others before they do you. It might be maintained with good show of reason that, in the deepest sense of all, we are fighting this war in order to reduce this philosophy to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

In justice to Mr. Powers it should be said that he is not rigidly consistent, which is one of the things that make his book thoroughly worth reading and thinking about. He says many fine and true things about America and her problems, about England, about Germany, about war and the conditions that make for war, and about peace and the conditions that will guarantee it. In spite of his philosophy, which would seem to

make for perpetual war, Mr. Powers has faith in progress towards human unity. One might call him a pacifist in the best sense—if the term pacifist had any longer any sense at all. Mr. Powers however thinks it is not through "such baseless artifices as a 'league to enforce peace'" that we shall attain peace or progress towards "human unity," but rather through an understanding, tacit and not formal, of which the growing Anglo-Saxon fellowship is the model and must be the directive force. Into this understanding, Germany, which "the world cannot endure and which yet the world cannot spare," must somehow be brought, after she has been chastened by overwhelming defeat. The best chance of peace is in such a world fellowship. The German, as Mr. Powers recognizes, may very well object to such a fellowship. Mr. Powers imagines him asking: "What is the superlative merit of your scheme of unifying the Germanic races as contrasted with ours? The difference is merely that you want the Englishman on top instead of the German." To this Mr. Powers replies: "No, what we want is the English *principle* on top instead of the German. That principle is the principle of fellowship, not of feudalism. It leaves each one free to live his own life and think his own thoughts and go his own ways, and sees the power and the greatness of the fellowship in this liberty of its members."

This is very well. It is certainly better to have the English principle on top than to have the German principle on top. It is better to have the Englishman on top than to have the German on top. It is better to have anything English on top than to have anything German on top. But in calling in *principles*, what have we done with our philosophy? Have we thrown it out of the window? If "doctrines do not determine destiny," as Mr. Powers says, if on the contrary "destiny determines doctrines," one wonders, as one is sure the German would wonder, what is the difference between having the English *principle* on top and having the Englishman on top. And suppose the English principle once on top, what would become of it if England, some time in the future, should be "tempted by a great opportunity or driven by a great need" to "despoil its neighbor"—almost any neighbor, as, for example, the United States? Would the English *principle*, or only the Englishman, be then on top?

CARL BECKER.

Scandinavian Imports

MODERN ICELANDIC PLAYS: "Eyvind of the Hills," a drama in four acts, and "The Hraun Farm," a play in three acts. By Jóhann Sigurjónsson. Translated by Henninge Krohn Schanche. American-Scandinavian Foundation; \$1.50.

HADDA PADDA, a play in four acts. By Godmundur Kamban. Translated from the Icelandic by Sadie Luise Peller. Knopf; \$1.

ARNLJOT GELLINE, an epic ballad. By Björnsteine Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne. American-Scandinavian Foundation; \$1.50.

To Americans, Iceland is an object of curiosity rather than of interest. Great nations are like big men: they smile condescendingly upon the little fellows and are inclined to ask them foolish questions. Iceland's claim to world recognition lies wholly in cultural achievements, mostly of a bygone age. Outside of Scandinavia few persons read the old sagas nowadays; and yet they are in our libraries, translated into fine Anglo-Saxon English (so closely related in root and branch to the Old Norse), the work of such poets and scholars as William Morris, Sir George Dasent, Frederick York Powell, E. Magnusson, and Dr. G. Vigfusson.

There are few nations that can point to a brighter record of culture than this little nation of 100,000 people, practically isolated on their arctic island for nearly one thousand years. Why did they not revert to barbarism, as has been the fate of many white groups out of touch with outside civilization? There is but one answer: the Promethean flame which kindled the genius of the old, now nameless, monks—the saga authors—has never died in Iceland. It could not die so long as the sagas lived, firing the spiritual life of the nation. Each period of national prosperity since the saga age has seen a revival of literary activity. Now Iceland is more prosperous in a material way than ever in its history, and behold there is a pen scratching in every cottage; there is a poet apostrophizing every waterfall, dedicating the summer crop of poppies and daffodils, and charming or at least trying to charm the innumerable host of fays and light-elves, trolls and watersprites and "landvaettir" which have endowed the bleak hills and mountains of Iceland with an immortal soul.

And the firstlings of Iceland's latest literary revival have taken wings overseas to this Vine-land of Leif and Thorfinn. Not that we are so fortunate as to have secured translation of

any of the beautiful lyrics, which (it seems to me) Icelandic poets have been singing from time immemorial. The imports are of sterner stuff, better suited to literary baggage-smashers. They are plays, only three in number, and one of them, "Hadda Padda," somewhat damaged in transit.

The other two—"Eyvind of the Hills" and "The Hraun Farm," by Jóhann Sigurjónsson—are living proofs, if proofs be needed, that the creative genius of the saga skalds still lives in the little arctic island. But I imagine that the shades of the saga authors may frown on "Eyvind of the Hills." Eyvind himself, and especially his consort, Halla, are bona fide Norse figures, personifying the weakness and epic strength of saga characters. But in construction the play is an ugly duckling. It is more like a Greek tragedy than anything Scandinavian that I have read. Sigurjónsson might never have read a line by Ibsen or Strindberg. There is not a mustard seed of a sermon text concealed in "Eyvind of the Hills." But it has life, naked life; and because Sigurjónsson is a poet and an artist, his work is endowed with grace, strength, and beauty. No puppets are in his shop. You feel no curiosity about peering behind Eyvind or Halla for props and strings. Here are no new social lessons, no modern philosophy—except, of course, what few items one might garner from a faithful presentation of life.

The action takes place in Iceland, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Eyvind, a handsome, attractive youngster, driven by hunger to commit a theft, becomes the victim of cruel eighteenth century justice, breaks jail, and turns outlaw. He leaves his mountain refuge in search of human companionship, and under the assumed name of Kári finds service on the farm of Halla, a wealthy young widow. They fall in love, and when the law traces Eyvind to Halla's home, she sacrifices her estate, her comforts, and the respect of the community to flee with her outlaw lover to the mountains.

There follows a period of idyllic freedom. Halla bears children. But the law still trails them—the law written in the statute books—and by and by the unwritten runes of human existence begin their pincer-like movement. Halla and Eyvind have no mountains above the mountains to which to flee from forces operating with deathlike sureness within their souls. It is here that Halla emerges as the central figure of the drama. Intensely feminine and yet an Amazon of strength and courage, she seems so clean and healthy morally that even her sacrifices of her

offspring to save her lover stand out merely as convincing reactions. She simply fights and sacrifices till she is crushed, and she is crushed only when Eyvind's love, the sole fortress on which her life is based, fails. They are starving in their mountain hut when she discovers that Eyvind is really of base metal; that he has always been afraid to steal, afraid to kill, and now is afraid of Hell. This is what he has to say to Halla:

"You are homely. . . . Your face makes me think of a dead horse. May I feel of your hair if it does not all come out?"

Mouthing these words, he turns to his Bible, advising Halla to seek God's help and mercy. Gudrún or Bergþóra or any other grand dame of the sagas might have answered just as Halla does:

"I want no mercy any more, but you can go on calling for help. I am sure He will hear you, if He is not too busy breaking up the glaciers or cleaning out the gorge of a volcano to make it belch more fire. . . . I have but one sole wish before I die, and that is to do some unheard-of cruel thing. I should like to be a snowslide. I would come in the dead of night. It would be a joy to see the people, half naked, running for their lives—chaste old maids with gouty hips, and smug peasant women with bellies bobbing with fat."

This pagan woman, "never able to tell my soul from my love," continues:

"I once dreamed of two people. To them their love was their one and only law. When they lived a long life together—Hunger drew near to the fine web that time had woven between them and would tear it asunder. Then they looked into each other's eyes and together they walked out into the snowstorm to die."

But Halla had to walk out into the snowstorm alone.

"The Hraun Farm" is a pleasant little dramatic idyl of present-day country life in Iceland. The theme, familiar in all literature, is the struggle between a man and a maid and the patriarchal parent of the maid who demands the right to shape her life that she may continue his life work, cultivate and enlarge the dear family estate, and rear a future generation of farmers.

These two plays are splendidly translated by Mrs. Schanche and, strange to say, both rather seem to have improved in the translation. I suspect the improvement is largely due to the fact that both plays have been trimmed of some useless lumber in the course of their preparation for the German and Scandinavian stage.

Which is more than one can say of "Hadda Padda," by Godmundur Kambar. The play itself is a distinctly worthy piece of dramatic art, poetic and tense, and in Hadda Padda, the

heroine, we have another decent copy of the saga figures in modern life. They might do worse, these Icelandic dramatists, than to continue their worship of their classics. "Hadda Padda" lacks smoothness in the translation. The lines are clumsy here and there, and the one or two lyrics are lame; but the original substance is there.

Both these Icelandic dramatists are young men. Kamban is under thirty; and his play, written when he was twenty-three, is a remarkable piece of work for a man of that age. Sigurjónsson was making a grand failure of studying how to become a horse doctor when Björnsteiner Björnson and Georg Brandes discovered his first attempts at playwriting and advised him to confine his equestrian attentions to old Pegasus.

Björnson's heroic ballad, "Arnljot Gelline," is pronounced by Hjalmar Hjört Boyesen and other Scandinavian critics as constituting, together with the saga trilogy "Sigurd Slembe," the highest achievement of Björnson in his reconstruction of Norway's heroic past. Dr. Payne has caught Björnson's fiery spirit and something of that eternal boyish leap and gallop which characterizes the great Norwegian's literary stride: Björnson seldom walks in prose or verse. But "Arnljot Gelline" and "Slembe" as well are so intensely national, so Norse in flesh and spirit, and so much of a former age that they are not likely to offer competition in popularity with Björnson's "Happy Boy," "Arne," "Synnöve Solbakken," and other tales of peasant life—that is, not outside of Scandinavia. Arnljot's tale is that of a robber, a noble freebooter, and the ballad is full of the thunder of battles—battles with human foes, human passions, the elements. The old Norsemen cared not what they fought so long as the foe was valiant and worthy of their steel. Gelline would tackle a blizzard or the sea, or abduct a maiden, or cleave an enemy's skull with equal zest in the work at hand.

With the exception of "Hadda Padda" we are indebted for all this worthy reading to the American-Scandinavian Foundation, one of the most useful literary institutions of the United States. The Foundation has yet to produce a mediocre volume. But consider its field. Its translators have not even approached the lean streak in Scandinavian letters. They are still picking gold nuggets, nor need they worry about the immediate future.

JOHN G. HOLME.

When Will the World End?

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT AND CHRISTIAN IDEAL. By P. C. Schilling. Stratford; \$1.50.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST. By S. P. T. Prideaux. Dutton; \$1.60.

THE MILLENNIAL HOPE. By Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press; \$1.25.

EVOLUTION IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By Percy Gardner. Putnam; \$2.

A THEOLOGY FOR THE SOCIAL GOSPEL. By Walter Rauschenbusch. Macmillan; \$1.50.

The pursuit of the millennial mirage, which has ever been the relief of religious devotees for whom unusual world events create an intellectual impasse, once more emerges as a by-product of our tragic world war. There are people of this type who have become so enwrapped in the assurance of Christ's immediate coming that they have financed a propaganda of large proportions to win the church to their view—and this in the face of the definite commitment of a large part of the church to a program of social reconstruction. These conflicting attitudes are irreconcilable: one is cataclysmic, the other evolutional. Dr. Schilling, in discussing Matthew 24, an outstanding eschatological chapter, points out that every age has contained nearly all the conditions of Christ's coming, but that no period of the world's history has possessed a more detailed and accurate repetition of each item than the present age. The introduction to Dr. Schilling's book, penned by an adulatory friend, claims for him original contributions on questions of eschatology, but the whole trend of the book is along the line of conventional pre-millennial belief. The character of the book is written on page 121: "I believe the Devil has more preachers in the pulpit than Jesus." And the gangrenous Boswellian who wrote what the publishers have fatuously labeled "Introduction" said that the panacean Dr. Schilling was an optimist!

The merit of the Prideaux book is its extended comparison of the separate verses and phrases of Jesus's eschatological utterances with the Jewish pseudepigrapha, using these abundant parallels to emphasize the essentially Jewish character of Christ's teaching. The author's point of view is that Jesus and his followers, being children of their age, took the ideas then current—those of the apocryphal writers of the first and second century—and spiritualized and refined them. He traces two lines of thought in this process: one looking to a physical return at a given, though unknown date, with a final

judgment and the inauguration of a reign of bliss for the righteous and unending punishment for the wicked; the other regarding the kingdom of God as already in a measure arrived, described in terms ethical, spiritual, and mystical. The author concludes that the actual second coming of Christ was at Pentecost, and that his coming is perpetual.

Professor Shirley Jackson Case makes an historical study of the different types of millennial hope that have been held in the past—Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Hebrew, and so on—and in this panorama of history makes it clear that a millennial program grows out of adverse political and social conditions. From such a fertile study, which has about it the ring of scholarly authority, it is obvious that ancient forms of hope are ever recast to meet new conditions and that all past millennial programs have signally failed of fulfilment. The miscarrying of early Christian expectations is most striking of all. In the sight of historical study the obvious tendency is to view lightly present day reconstructions of millennial hopes.

As our fourth author, Mr. Percy Gardner, says (page 184), "we may fairly say that few expect or look for a cataclysmic return of the son of man in the clouds of heaven, or the raising of human bodies from land and sea on that occasion." The "Evolution of Christian Doctrine" is not directly a study in eschatology, but it does discuss the philosophy underlying the issue. "For nearly a century," says the author, "cataclysmic and evolutional views have stood opposed in many departments of knowledge; and the history of these is uniform: it is the gradual supersession of cataclysmic views by evolutional." His is a dignified English modernist's discussion of traditional theology in epitome, establishing point by point that the religion of Christ, instead of being a system of belief revealed once for all to mankind, becomes a growing, dynamic thing. This treatise, a volume in the "Crown Theological Library," is a worthy handbook, in small compass, for the reader who wishes a brief sketch of the subject under discussion.

Like a thunderclap from a clear sky, however, reverberate the last four pages. *C'est la guerre*, of course! "Out of the mists of war is slowly emerging another figure which to many seems more to be dreaded than war itself, which is destined to have deeper and longer working in the future—the figure of social democracy," sighs the author. The dragging of this dreaded figure across the last few pages is horribly in-

congruous to the author as well as to the reader. It seems to be a bit cataclysmic in its own way and musses up the theological horizon, for the English Church mind cannot see that it naturally follows the evolutional view of Christianity as day follows night. Surprising it is that the author should be startled at its appearance as the newborn child of the European strife, thereby showing his unawareness of the existence of the American prophet Rauschenbusch, whose voice has for years been crying in the wilderness of theological confusion—a herald of this figure of social democracy. His latest book, "A Theology for the Social Gospel," is an ambitious attempt to rewrite theology in the light of modern social movements. He accepts it as axiomatic that the ills of society are not to be righted by an early destruction of the world, but by a gradual process of strenuous endeavor, under a keen realization and revaluation of social forces. The theology of every age follows the psychology of that age; our dominant ideas are social solidarity and personality. The social gospel springs naturally from our contemporary life and is inevitable. "It is the religious reaction on the historic advent of democracy." Professor Rauschenbusch rewrites chapters of theology on "The Fall of Man," "Salvation," "The Kingdom of God," "Atonement," and so on with a background of social psychology, and furnishes fruitful material for theological reconstruction. Naturally his program of social reconstruction eschews the cataclysmic and looks to the evolutionary process. "As to the way in which the Christian ideal of society is to come, we must shift from catastrophe to development," writes the author in his chapter on "Eschatology," the longest, save one, of the whole book. A great book, epoch-making and determinative for theology, is due—perhaps overdue. This is not that book, but certainly prepares the way for it.

What shall we say, then, about the religious obsession that we are rapidly approaching the end of the world? We must not be led astray by the assertion that it has the authority of Christ. Apocalypse was not his personal product but his environment, from which he was emancipating himself. The millennialist utilizes materialistic concepts that are the product of ancient mythology. These mythical images cannot portray to the thoughtful modern mind the kingdom of God; they fly in the face of scientific concepts that are the warp and woof of our present-day

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life. But most galling of all, our modern millennialist spurns all efforts to redeem society—he damns it. The gospel of Jesus is a dynamic for the correcting of the ills of society and cannot, in an evolutionist age, be incarcerated in a procrustean den of primitive mythology.

HERBERT W. HINES.

The Georgians

GEORGIAN POETRY: 1916-1917. An Anthology. Putnam; \$2.

Whatever connotations it may grow to have, future English critics will undoubtedly refer to this literary epoch as the Georgian period. It is difficult to predict whether the coming compiler will speak of the Georgians with the air of fatuous enthusiasm his grandfather uses when referring to the Elizabethans, or with the smooth superiority his progenitor employs when mentioning the Victorians. One thing is sure: he will discover that, in spite of differences in theme, technique, and opinion, the artists, novelists, and especially the poets of this period will have expressed an age while they were expressing themselves.

He will point out, first of all, that although the Georgians may have lacked both the lyric exuberance of the Elizabethans and the dramatic if overelaborate rhetoric of the Victorians, these men of what he will doubtless call the nineteen-twenties produced a literature as distinctive as and even more human than their predecessors'. Warming to his thesis, he will expatiate on the probing analysis of their work, on its intellectual honesty, its creative curiosity in the workaday world rather than in rhymeworn stories out of Bullfinch's mythology, on its exemplification of the theory of Synge (whom he will, rather illogically, hail as the founder of the group) that before verse can be human again it must take pleasure in ordinary things. He will enlarge on the absence of cant, the growth of social tendencies, and the courageous groping toward a free fraternity of thought. He will have a vigorous chapter on the invigorating vulgarisms of Masefield and an interesting essay on Lascelles Abercrombie, whom he will find, in spite of the latter's too packed blank verse, to be even more "modern" than the author of "The Everlasting Mercy." He will, aided by the 1945 variorum edition of Freud, make an illuminating study of D. H. Lawrence and wax

ironic at the kind of pruriency that suppressed "The Rainbow."

A curious feature of his work will be the section in which he shows how, in the light of the new psychology, the gulf between the writers of impersonal fiction and the writers of personal lyrics was bridged—how much in common such prose romancers as J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, A. Neil Lyons, Rebecca West, Thomas Burke had with such seemingly opposed verse craftsmen as Edward Thomas, W. W. Gibson, Rupert Brooke, James Stephens, T. S. Eliot.

Then he will end by showing that the very variety of the Georgians made for vitality, that in their refusal to be cloistered, or to contemplate life from any one angle of manners or morality, they achieved a disjointed but imaginative unity. Their music, he will conclude in a final metaphor, is not so much an experiment in cacophony as a study in counterpoint.

And he will not be far wrong, if the three anthologies of poetry which have been coming biennially from the Poetry Bookshop are to be taken as evidence. In fact the affirmations of the future appraiser have already been anticipated by Henry Newbolt, who—for all his affiliations with the conservatives—hailed the original seventeen when they first appeared together in 1913. "They are not for making something pretty," he wrote. "They are not members of an arts-and-crafts industrial guild. They write as grown men walk, each with his own unconscious gesture; and, with the same instinctive tact as the walker, they vary their pace and direction, keep their balance and avoid collisions." And, what is more, they know where they are going.

This third collection is not as illustrious as either of the two preceding. There is nothing here to be compared to Abercrombie's "The Sale of St. Thomas," Davies's "The Child and the Mariner," or Brooke's "Granthester," that exquisite blend of whimsy and satire, with its memorable slap at German precision when he speaks of the little English village where "tulips do not bloom as they are told" and where

Unkempt about those hedges grows
An unofficial English rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done
And wakes a vague, unpunctual star. . .

But there are compensations for the missing. No one has yet appeared to take Brooke's place, but there are several men, unheard of three years ago, who come close to filling it. In fact the

chief vigor of this volume is due to the newcomers, nine of whom appear in this series for the first time. None of these new contributors is without distinction, but the outstanding ones are five: J. C. Squire, Siegfried Sassoon, W. J. Turner, Robert Graves, and John Freeman. Turner is the most ingenuous, Squire the most intellectual, Sassoon the most direct and most intensive.

Turner's "The Hunter," "Magic," and "Romance" are all plainly influenced by De la Mare, although not dominated by him.

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand,

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams;
I stood where Popocatepetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,—
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

This, the first half of "Romance," might have been taken (and slightly diluted) from "Peacock Pie," but it has a flavor of its own.

Squire is after more intricate subtleties. Sometimes, as in "The Lily of Malud," it is the subtlety of atmosphere and interior rhyming that impels him; sometimes, as in "A House," he follows a homelier intellectual path and wrings beauty and a sort of philosophic faith from the aspect of an ugly red-brick building accentuating the loneliness of dusk:

And this mean edifice, which some dull architect
Built for an ignorant earth-turning hind,
Takes on the quality of that magnificent
Unshakable dauntlessness of human kind.

Darkness and stars will come, and long the night
will be,
Yet imperturbable that house will rest,
Avoiding gallantly the stars' chill scrutiny,
Ignoring secrets in the midnight's breast.

The versatile Mr. Squire proves not only that he can assume other men's accents but that he has achieved an idiom of his own.

Robert Graves has an ingratiating manner, the product of a mind that is both rebellious and relaxed. Four of the poems in this collection also appear in his own volume "Fairies and Fusiliers," which lives up to its title by combining warm fantasy with a cold fury at smugness and hypocrisy. "The Boy in Church," "Star-Talk," "The Lady Visitor," "Goliath and David" (a brief set of couplets, small in range

but wide in their bitter implication), and the imaginative "It's a Queer Time" stand out among the best examples of what has been produced since 1915 by the poet as soldier. The last named has this illuminating opening:

It's hard to know if you're alive or dead
When steel and fire go roaring through your head.
One moment you'll be crouching at your gun
Traversing, mowing heaps down, half in fun:
The next, you choke and clutch at your right breast—
No time to think—leave all—and off you go.
To Treasure Island where the Spice-winds blow,
To lovely groves of mango, quince and lime—
Breathe no good-bye, but oh, for the Red West!
It's a queer time. . . .

By comparison with Graves's, the belligerent poems of Robert Nichols and W. W. Gibson seem falsetto and thin; they read like the usual overstressed war verse that is conventional in conception and stereotyped in expression. They seem doubly pale beside the burning poetry of Siegfried Sassoon, the most individual of the newcomers. Not since Masefield and Brooke has England produced a poet who gives such promise of athletic loveliness coupled with unflinching honesty. His volume "The Old Huntsman" is one of the few British literary landmarks since Brooke's sonnet sequence "Nineteen Fourteen," and five of the best poems in that collection are given here. Particularly forceful are "They," "To Victory," and "In the Pink." "Haunted" is a bit too much in the Masefield key to be entirely Sassoon's; and "A Letter Home," for all its individuality of emotion, is uncomfortably reminiscent of "Grantchester." But the eager Sassoon is altogether himself in the first three and in the sharp lyric

THE KISS

To these I turn, in these I trust;
Brother Lead and Sister Steel.
To his blind power I make appeal;
I guard her beauty clean from rust.

He spins and burns and loves the air,
And splits a skull to win my praise;
But up the nobly marching days
She glitters naked, cold and fair.

Sweet Sister, grant your soldier this:
That in good fury he may feel
The body where he sets his heel
Quail from your downward darting kiss.

Of those who have appeared in the earlier collections, the only ones who have not fallen back are Walter de la Mare, Ralph Hodgson, and W. H. Davies, that trio of quiet, natural magicians. Dealing with the most usual of themes, choosing almost wilfully the stock properties of poetry, they achieve a freshness and

a glamor that is anything but a second-hand or shoddy loveliness. De la Mare has grown especially skilful; his mastery over what is a highly sensitive and delicate instrument is astonishing. "The Fool Rings His Bells" is a new departure for De la Mare, though in his old vein; it is longer and more ambitious than anything he has done and, with a changed heading, has become the title-poem for his latest volume, "Motley." It is so poignant a poem that one wishes more selections from "Motley" had appeared in place of the innocuous, patterned lyrics of John Drinkwater and the lugubrious archaisms of Maurice Baring. One especially regrets the omission of "The Empty House," "Alone," and "Alexander," although "The Scribe" and "The Ghost" (both of which are included in the present anthology) are almost as fine as anything in "The Listeners," with the exception of the single poem bearing that name. This, for instance, with its uncanny overtones, is

THE GHOST

"Who knocks?" . . . "I, who was beautiful
Beyond all dreams to restore;
I, from the roots of the dark thorn, am hither
And knock on the door."

"Who speaks?" . . . "I—once was my speech
Sweet as the bird's on the air,
When echo lurks by the waters to heed;
'Tis I speak thee fair."

"Dark is the hour!" "Aye, and cold."
"Lone is my house." "Ah, but mine?"
"Night, touch, lips, eyes gleamed in vain."
"Long dead these to thine."

Silence. Still faint on the porch
Brake the flames of the stars.
In the gloom groped a hope-wearied hand
Over keys, bolts, and bars.

A face peered. All the grey night
In chaos of vacancy shone;
Nought but vast Sorrow was there—
The sweet cheat gone.

This book then, in spite of the absence of Abercrombie, Brooke, Edward Thomas, and one or two others, is a worthy successor to the preceding two volumes. It gives one a fair and surprisingly comprehensive view of who and what the Georgians are. The three volumes prove that these young poets have achieved a disjointed and imaginative unity; that their music is not so much an experiment in cacophony as . . . But I will not proceed with my borrowed finale: even a reviewer has ethics that prevent him from plagiarizing from a critic as yet unborn.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Stimulating Because Untrue

THE LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY. By W. H. Mallock. Dutton; \$6.

Mr. Mallock's "Book I: Political Democracy" argues that there is no general will with regard to many important public issues; that on these points the effective political reality is the will of an oligarchic few, transmitted by journalistic and other wiles to the mass; that every democracy conceals an oligarchy, even the International having had its little king in Marx; that such oligarchy is necessary for efficiency, and is an inevitable consequence of the natural inequality of men. Book II argues that the democratization of industry would result in chaos, and that effective industrial-like political-procedure, is bound up with the oligarchic directive activity of a superior few. Book III discusses democracy in distribution, and lavishes statistics on the thesis that unearned income and other forms of distributive injustice are of very moderate proportions. Book IV analyzes the history of socialist communities, and traces their decay to lack of provision for the necessary oligarchic leaven. In Books V-VII the author expounds his plans for moderate social reform through a minimum wage and equality of opportunity, denounces the political exploitation of discontent, and holds up Russia as a horrible example of what unmitigated democracy means.

Mr. Mallock's book is a stodgy and laborious marshaling of argumentative minutiae against a theory of democracy that no postdiluvian political thinker has ever held. Taking an inch of rope from the Abbé Sieyès's defiant proposition that the rightful influence of the King of France was to that of his subjects exactly in the ratio of one to thirty millions, Mr. Mallock hurries to hang himself by defining "pure" democracy as a condition of social aphasia in which "no one man should, by his decision of character or his reputation for superior knowledge, so sway the mind of even a single companion . . . that the thoughts and votes of two men were determined by the mind of one" (page 39); and it is mostly on this strange straw man that the author has showered the slings and arrows of his theorical mania. Mr. Mallock apparently assumes that such a system of deaf-and-dumb government has existed; for after so defining his phrase he proceeds to talk of revolutionary Russia as a "pure democracy," and his

publishers so far take him at his word as to announce that "this brilliant study in political science seeks to establish the theory that pure democracy is the natural system of government for small communities" only (ancient Athens, Swiss cantons, and so on). But unless we choose to offer Mr. Mallock a better definition of purity in democracy than the one which he himself affords us, we shall have to reconcile ourselves to the conclusion that every democracy, past and present (and future too, while we are at it) has been, is (and will be) outrageously impure. For in a democracy it is not minds that must be equal in the determination of votes, but votes that must be equal in the determination of policy; and one of the policies so determined may be the restriction of the kind of policies so to be determined. Which is to say, less cryptically, that a people may vote away its claim to vote on certain questions, of emergency or detail, as when the voters of an American state reject the initiative, or the referendum, or the direct primary. Any limitation so put upon their own political power by the people themselves would not lessen the purity of democracy, but would illustrate it; and Mr. Mallock's error obviously lies in confusing impurity with indirection. So it is not undemocratic that war should be declared by elected officials, without a popular referendum, if the people have by previous vote approved the proposition that war may be so declared. Democracy means that legislation and policy shall finally be determined by a majority vote of the adult population, except in those cases whose exception is allowed by the explicit or tacit consent of the voters. To call a democracy of this kind impure is to be guilty of intemperate language unbecoming a man of Mr. Mallock's distinguished sobriety.

It may repay us to observe in this connection that the possibility of one mind's influencing several by persuasion is as much the hope as it is the peril of democracy. It is true enough that, as things stand, the greatest measure of such influence is wielded by those who have been able to purchase the larger and choicer assortments of editors: but bad as this is, it puts a premium on intelligence rather than on muscles and muskets; better be gently fooled into voting for a villain than be compelled to it at the point of a gun. Not to speak of the possibility (let us at least keep this hope) that a large spread of knowledge and a better training of wits will enable Mr. Average Man to react with some measure of antiseptic skepticism to the patent

editorials and other concoctions of the menial press.

But let us follow the bloody traces of Mr. Mallock's philosophical raid. After arguing in Book I that there are many political issues that do not lend themselves to direct democratic decision, he proceeds in Book II to apply the same principle to industry, with more relevance to real problems and more profit to the reader. The processes of production and distribution, the methods of forecasting demand and adjusting supply, are so complicated, the argument runs, that control of each industry by the workers engaged in it would be an open welcome to chaos and stagnation. Mr. Mallock believes that workingmen privileged to choose their own foremen, superintendents, and so on, would select not those fittest for efficient performance of the duties involved but those best dowered with electioneering plausibility and most prolific in promises of a tolerant régime. This is a point on which even a reviewer need not pretend to expert knowledge; and it may be admitted that if this proletarian paradise is imminent we had better do some looking before we leap. But Mr. Mallock may reassure his friends: we are a long way from any such control of industry as has here given him a theoretical tremor. At best or at worst we shall have a moderate representation of organized labor on industrial boards. There is no danger that labor will achieve the dominant voice in the industrial process before it has been trained by gradually increasing power and responsibility to use such power without seriously lowering the quantity or quality of the product. In any event, industrial democracy need not mean the election of all officials by the workers; it may also mean that officials empowered to adjust wages and determine policy will be elected by the workers, but that officials whose function it will be to secure efficiency will be appointed, from a list of men specially trained for the purpose, by the elected officials—the last to be held responsible for the results. Mr. Mallock rightly inveighs against the notion that labor means muscle merely, and insists that it means also mind; indeed, he goes on to argue, it is directive mind, rather than any increment of muscle, that is chiefly responsible for the vast increase of industrial output in the last one hundred and fifty years. But he overshoots the mark when he contends that because of the importance of mind in modern work, manual workers should be content, more or less, with their present remuneration and their present power

in the direction of industry. The rate of remuneration and the degree of directive power accorded to labor or to capital or to organizing mind should be determined not altogether by their relative indispensability to the industrial result, nor by the fluctuations in the supply and demand of muscle and money and mind, but in increasing measure by bringing into the computation the resultant effect on communal amity, coherence, and stability. Democracy here, as elsewhere, may not be the highroad to efficiency and overproduction; but better a loss in goods and speed than the unchecked oligarchy which Mr. Mallock condones, and which has by its myopic selfishness brought to almost every Western nation the chaos of class war and the danger of disintegration.

Yet it is an ill review that can find nothing good to say of a book that has been thought worthy of review at all. Let it be admitted that Mr. Mallock is an honest and earnest political critic; that several of his chapters—particularly those on Socialist communities—are informing and illuminating; and that his arguments, though in general they can be answered, assurably cannot be ignored. Democracy is on trial not only at the cannon's mouth but in the hearts of men; and all sober appraisals of it are wholesome contributions towards a rejuvenated political philosophy. One may reject the central processes of Mr. Mallock's argument and yet find his book instructive, stimulating, and enjoyable. After all, as Nietzsche put it, "not the least charm of a theory is that it can be refuted."

WILL DURANT.

South Wind

SOUTH WIND. By Norman Douglas. Dodd, Mead; \$1.60.

Reading this book last winter, when it first appeared, I was extremely curious to know what comment a book so out of the ordinary would provoke in our press. Nepenthe, the little island in the Mediterranean where the action takes place, has in these intervening months been characterized as "quaint," "haunting," "vine-clad," and as "the most unique of lotus-lands . . . which lends a special enchantment to the budding and flowering of a romantic love story." The author is in the habit of "voicing some

delightfully and absurdly radical sentiment . . . with his tongue in his cheek," his pen meanwhile being "dipped in liquid-rainbow." All these critics appear to be unanimous in finding the book "saucy"; they then proceed according to personal moral taste, either to excommunicate or to lick their chops.

It is the story of the conversion of a homeward bound English colonial bishop, already a trifle seduced by the delectable idiosyncrasies of his late African diocesans, to thoroughgoing paganism. To work this change of heart Mr. Douglas has employed a goodly company of pagan missionaries, among the most successful of whom are Don Francesco, connoisseur in manners, books, and women, and altogether the eighteenth-century beau idéal of what a priest should be; Mr. Keith, that paradoxical creation, a Scotch Sybarite; Count Caloveglia, Greek in practice as well as theory and most philosophical of humbugs; Millionaire van Koppen, who upholds in pathways new the grand old traditions of his compatriot, P. T. Barnum; Denis, an Oxford youth whose feline grace is discommoded by the tin-can surname Phipps; Mr. Eames, the genteel, if somewhat oppressed, eremite of scholarship; and ladies of at least two kinds, but more notably the latter. Inasmuch as these actors play their parts against a background where we distinguish a quack, a black-mailer, a poisoner, a camorrista, and a murderer—to say nothing of saints, lobsters, and girls not yet quite ladies of either category—and as a volcano too does its own not inconsiderable bit, and as the South Wind herself plays an elaborate rôle, you may agree with Denis that "the canvas of Nepenthe is rather overcharged." At any rate, I fear you will find me hard to believe when I say that not one of these characters is blurred.

A situation Henry James would have found "amusing," which is worked out with an indefatigable precision not unworthy of that master, is the sale of the Locri Faun by Count Caloveglia to Mr. van Koppen. "The Salt of the South," as Keith likes to call that Ionic gentleman, is deft with the chisel as well as the spoken word. On Sir Herbert Street, adviser in matters of art to Mr. van Koppen, he palms off for antique a statuette of his own workmanship. Van Koppen, at least temperamentally, comes from Missouri, but he admires so profoundly and feels so much in common with this unnatural Yankee of the Mediterranean that he gladly pays the price. Then too it

warms the cockles of his heart to know how that American museum will cherish the valuable patina of this gold brick. Thus warmly does humor flow beneath the delicate froth of Mr. Douglas's gayety.

But the story, as is fitting in a novel of ideas, wanders along discreetly in the background. How unimportant it is may be gauged from the fact that this author does not deign to touch the key of personal emotion. Caloveglia says of the Greek: "His art is purely intellectual; he stands aloof, like a glacier." Such appears to be Mr. Douglas's own attitude. Yet even he cannot open the heart of Keith without our sharing that hardy worldling's pain, impersonal as it is, at the thought of death. The Count, we are sure, would not hold against Mr. Douglas this human weakness, for the Greeks themselves were not proof against that too sedulous pain, and in the "classic repose" of their statuary I do not think it fanciful to discern a mute anguish. However this may be, in a book where the plot is so rightly filmy, we are satisfied that the action should close in a drinking bout, the merrier for being innocent of motivation. It is appropriate that the South Wind should subside rather than end.

Those of us who had read Mr. Douglas's book of travel, "Old Calabria," felt that we already knew him. Perhaps we thought this knowledge came from our seeing him in so personal a type of book; for, outside a picture gallery, there is surely nothing to show a man up like his own account of his travels. But the character of our intransigent friend shoulders through this novel not less frankly, and we see that the intimacy of our acquaintance came not so much from the type of book as from the type of man. Finding in "South Wind" a definite philosophy and what seems to be a complete representation of the writer's character, we are tempted to think it a final expression and Mr. Douglas a one-book author. All the more since much that is best in this novel, in particular the priceless hagiographa, is apparently worked up from the earlier sketches. On the other hand, the Prospero of so philosophical an island, he handles both his characters and his ideas with an easy detachment suggestive of the Olympian creator of *Wilhelm Meister*—not exactly a one-book man.

The glitter of this philosopher's thought is on everything he touches. He tells his con-

temporaries: "Your ethics are stereotyped in black-letter characters. A gargoyle morality." Of the Renaissance: "It shoots up like a portentous lily out of the blood-drenched soil of a thousand battlefields." Of Seneca: "He was a cocoa-drinker, masquerading as an ancient." Yet brilliant as it is, this book is indubitably, if divinely, middle-aged. That characteristic is to be seen in the delineation of the bad effects of poverty, as also of the essential lie in the conventional self-sufficiency of the genteel, but it is most obvious in the insistence throughout the novel of the bare physical note, unsoftened by any overtone of romance. Indeed the opening scene, which gives the note for the whole book, is a picture of seasickness; and if Michelangelo is mentioned, it is only to say that in attitudes worthy of him "they sprawled about the deck, groaning with anguish." The confessed valitudinarianism of Keith unfolds the spirit of materialism as no more lustorous manifestation could do; but only the strong of heart will accept this universe in which the rôle of the stomach pump is neither unimportant nor wholly indecorous.

Sappho notwithstanding, I think most of those who have lived about the Mediterranean will agree with me that this candor of middle age is most often met with in that region. In a world of keen contours and shivering clarities, where there are, as Mr. Douglas points out, no half-tones, the mind does not easily dodge hard facts. We are therefore not surprised to find our philosopher drawing many comparisons between North and South, always to the advantage of the latter.

Enclosed within the soft imagination of the homo mediterraneus lies a kernel of hard reason. . . . The Northerner's hardness is on the surface; his core, his inner being, is apt to quaver in a state of fluid irresponsibility.

This need of the logical Southern mind to go the whole hog has been shared historically by the hard-headed countrymen of John Knox. One who bears the name of Douglas should find himself at home among theories which are the grim development of his hypotheses, as were the Covenanters' the grim development of theirs. When our Scotsman—if such indeed he be—falls with God's own cudgel upon the unreason, "the suburban defiance," of Samuel Butler, we rejoice to recognize in him, however lamentably gone wrong, a chip of the old block.

SCOFIELD THAYER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

SHOCK AT THE FRONT. By William Townsend Porter. Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.25.

This little book records the impressions of a physician sent to the battlefields of Europe by the Rockefeller Institute to study the problem of shell shock at first hand. Dr. Porter has a considerable gift for vivid description, and the narrative of his journey fascinates the layman even where the technical side of his researches is likely to escape the average reader. It was Dr. Porter's good fortune to go unscathed through some of the most severe fighting of the war at Verdun and on Vimy Ridge and his unconcern about the dangers of his task soon proves infectious. His main concern is not with shell shock proper but with traumatic shock due to severe wounds, and his approach to the problem is entirely physiological. Dr. Porter was a pioneer in this work and does not seem to claim conclusive results for his researches. The book takes its place among the authentic records of what war is really like when you come down to it instead of merely romancing about it.

TENTING TONIGHT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.75.

A camping trip through the little known western side of Glacier National Park and a similar progress across the Cascade Range in the Lake Chelan country of Washington provide a background for Mrs. Rinehart's characteristically subjective manner of writing. The book records the author's sensations at various places and under varying conditions, but there is so little, comparatively, of the places and conditions that the effect on the reader is like that of seeing a film actor "registering" emotions without being shown the elements that induce them. The function of a travel book is to inform. If, in addition, it is entertaining, so much the better. It may even be inspiring, humorous, or satirical in its tone; but unless it is informative, it masquerades in a false classification. Adventures with equipment (which included everything from trout flies to a motion picture camera), a hermit, camp cooks, horses, bears, and mosquitoes crowd the pages to the point where it seems as though, if its charms were confined to these matters, Glacier Park would be a good place to avoid. In chronicling the boat ride down the swift current of the Flathead River, the author says: "Once out into the stream, we shot ahead as if we had been fired out of a gun." If there is any doubt in the reader's mind as to whether this is exaggerated,

ated, it is dispelled by the statement: "I do not remember now how much the Flathead falls per mile. I have an impression that it is ninety feet, but as that would mean a drop of 9,000 feet, or almost two miles during the trip, I must be wrong somewhere. It was sixteen feet, perhaps." At all events Mrs. Rinehart gives the impression that the boat went "awfully fast" and that, even if she couldn't remember figures, the things she and her family did were really quite remarkable. Her most remarkable achievement however was finding so little objective material to write about after having covered such inspiring territory; for, as she herself says, "the opening up of the west side of Glacier Park will make it perhaps the *most unique* of all our parks." And that, to our mind, is a very superlative way of describing a place.

THE METHOD OF HENRY JAMES. By Joseph Warren Beach. Yale University Press; \$2.

Of its kind no finer study of Henry James is likely to be written than this book of Professor Beach's. So frequently does he quote from James's own words of introduction and explanation, and so modestly does he as host withdraw, having got the conversation started, that the book is a certain model of critical tact. This to lovers of Henry James is an unspeakable relief. It is much to be doubted if the mysteries of any writer have ever been so thoroughly illuminated—by detectives with dark lanterns turned invariably to light up not the object of their quest but the droll persons of the investigators. The long list of parodies and epigrams on James, too, will repose with the illustrious list of Hamlets. Mr. Chesterton's James is much more preposterous than Mr. Wells's, and so on. Since much of this humor lies in the obvious irreverence of these obvious blasphemies, those who know better chuckle and do not dream of explaining the joke; those who do not, presumably, believe them. Now here comes Professor Beach, politely, unansweredly, explaining the joke. "I can find no fault with such an interpretation," the writer remarks of the charge that the expression of James's message was not naturally the novel, "except that it does not agree with my own impressions and preferences."

Frequently this critic is not so blithe. The first half of his book, "The Method," he has divided into eleven chapters, respectively on idea, picture, revelation, suspense, point of view, dialogue, drama, eliminations, tone, romance, and ethics. The second half, "Toward a Method," in six chapters follows chronologically the development of the novelist from "Obscure

Beginnings" to "Full Prime." In a chapter intermediate between parts one and two, "The Figure in the Carpet," Professor Beach explains the joke:

"*The Portrait of a Lady*" was the first book in which James plainly showed his "little trick," which he went on showing more and more plainly from that time out. His little trick was simply not to tell the "story" at all as the story is told by the Scotts and the Maupassants, but to give us instead the subjective accompaniment of the story. His "exquisite scheme" was to confine himself as nearly as possible to the "inward life" of his characters and yet to make it as exciting for his readers as it was for the author, as exciting—were that possible—as it was for the characters themselves.

The quoted phrases refer to James's own story, "The Figure in the Carpet," of which Professor Beach was writing at the time. Or, as he puts it elsewhere, other novelists sustain suspense by exciting the question, What is going to happen? "In James the question is more often, What is it that did happen?"

The misgivings one may have about "The Method of Henry James" need not be resentment of it as an academic survey of sacred ground, or suspicion of the man or of the method. The book deserves neither misgiving.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT. By Jean-Henri Fabre. Translated by Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall. Century; \$3.

Lovers of good old-fashioned natural history studies will relish the famous Provençal entomologist's book now presented with attractive illustrations in an admirable translation. Such unsophisticated communion with nature as Fabre's has become rare in professional scientific circles—unwarrantably so—and the reader will cheerfully overlook the veteran field-worker's suspicion of the triumphant laboratory rival, and the faint tang of affectation when he wonders why anyone should worry over the structure of an annelid's egg. Fabre's strength, of course, lies not in the position he assumes towards modern research but in his incomparable gift of recording at once accurately and with a poet's inspiration the varied phases of insect life. No reader will easily forget his impressionistic sketches of the grasshopper overpowering a colossal adversary; of the tight-rope walking antics practiced by the pine caterpillar; or of the uncanny skill with which the glow-worm chloroforms his quarry, the snail. In "The Origin of Species" Darwin pays high tribute to Fabre, "that inimitable observer"; and the literary charm of his descriptions, liberally spiced with quaint personal asides, assures him a unique place in entomological literature.

A MODERN PURGATORY. By Carlo di Fornaro. Kennerley; \$1.25.

First-hand accounts of the lives and sufferings of prisoners are fast becoming so multiplied that it might seem an unnecessary addition to bring out in book form the personal experiences of yet another man. No one need apologize however for presenting this book to the public. It is clearly an accurate description of the experiences of the author during one year's imprisonment in the House of Correction on Blackwell's Island, New York, and as such carries a message to all interested in the progress of reforming penal methods. Moreover it is written with a literary skill and a remarkable restraint and freedom from sentimental coloring which would alone recommend it to hold the attention of the serious reader. Fortunately it is a comparatively rare occurrence that a man of the author's intelligence is subjected to the terrible experiences described in this volume. But that does not justify the criticism sometimes made that the methods at present existing in our institutions are well suited to the majority of the inmates, who are not as sensitive and perceptive as the author. These inmates owe a debt to Mr. di Fornaro for becoming the spokesman of the vast number of men who are passing each year through the institution on Blackwell's Island. The book does not profess to be anything more than an account of personal experiences; there is no attempt at generalization, and the author wisely refrains from far-reaching criticism. But there is a ring of truth and a vivacity to the personal touches, descriptions of the writer's fellow inmates and the guards, which render the book quite unusual in the propaganda literature of prison reform. It holds the attention as a clever work of fiction might, and as a work of propaganda seldom does. Although a trained prison worker might not give all the credence that the author does to some of the stories told by the prisoners, the author has caught the spirit of his subject in a way in which a mind more accustomed to the rules of scientific procedure might fail to do, and has presented it in this book with force and artistic skill.

A HISTORY OF ART. By William Henry Goodyear. Twenty-second edition, revised and enlarged. A. S. Barnes; \$3.20.

For Mr. Goodyear history is still a record of names and dates, an encyclopedia of traditional events, listed without an attempt to explain their causes or effects. One may reasonably draw an analogy between the methods of teaching the history of world politics and the history of world arts. If "Columbus, Cristobal

Colon, c. 1446-1506, b. Genoa" no longer adequately explains a discovered America, then inevitably "Michaelangelo, Florence, 1475, painter and sculptor" must cease to be the critical background of a dome of St. Peter's. Scientifically historical minds no longer use "The Dark Ages" nor "The Renaissance" as elastic passwords. Mr. Goodyear catalogues his Baedeker details correctly. Architecture, a fossilized mass, upheld by carefully distinguished Doric and Ionic capitals; sculpture, analyzed by a process of unvisited museums, where replicas thereof may be found; painting, an outgrowth of "schools" (never of the vital force that gave them being); even music, grown static, deprived of antecedents and consequences, are herded together—an uninspiring, unrelated, overwhelming conglomerate. For one who knows nothing, the information is too much; for one who knows anything, too little. But the illustrations, largely photographic, are numerous and well chosen. Some of the architectural plates are badly printed, but the many reproductions of sculpture and painting form the most useful pages. In post-bellum days, except for the fact that it is neither "pocket-edition" nor "hand-book," it would serve as an enlarged and conscientiously conceived guidebook; as a modern history, it fails to supply the imaginatively constructive analysis which we today demand as an essential. Mr. Goodyear has attempted the impossible; it is perhaps unfair to expect him to have achieved it. Yet a history of art which leaves uncommented upon, modern sculpture, painting, and music as expressed by Rodin, Böcklin, and Auber can have—forgiving other disqualifications—only a limited power. And a critical estimate which devotes eighteen lines to William Etty of England, and five to Whistler, might more profitably have dealt with many of the selected list in one-line citations.

THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE. By Charles Ferguson. Dodd, Mead; \$1.50.

This book is an argument for the transference of industrial power and leadership from bank presidents and coupon-clippers to engineers and other directors in shop and field. The management of production has passed from men immediately concerned with its processes to financiers whose wisdom lies chiefly in market manipulations: "the war is the explosion of this absurdity." The manual workers are not themselves capable of undertaking the management of industry; but the engineering class are. Another half-century of economic control by the leisure class will widen the schism between worker and investor, and will result in the distintegration of Western society. It behooves us to imitate Germany at least in this, that her financiers were never per-

mitted to dominate the economic processes of the country. When every country in Europe and America is organized under the direction of its engineering class, war will cease. The book is frequently prolix in statement, and occasionally obscure; but it is written with refreshing vigor and is rich in unworn phrases.

THE UNMARRIED MOTHER: A Study of 500 Cases. By Percy Gamble Kammerer. Introduction by William Healy. Little, Brown; \$3.

It is a satisfaction to read a book that handles the difficult subject of the unmarried mother in the spirit of scientific investigation—not unduly hampered by conventional morality—which characterizes Mr. Kammerer's report. The book is a sociological study authorized for publication by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. In view of the increasing importance of the problem of illegitimacy, as a result of war conditions, this careful analysis of 500 cases and discussion of causes offers material of immediate value. In his introduction Dr. Healy emphasizes the fact that "whereas most infraction of laws coincides with destructive results, here we have a lawbreaker as a constructive agent, giving as concrete evidence of her 'misbehavior' nature's highest product, a human being." In this connection Mr. Kammerer's discussion of the attitude of social workers shows the inconsistency in the working hypothesis of one group, and of the public generally:

Its thought is more in terms of ethics than of biology, and the ethics which it upholds are chiefly based upon a belief that human beings are by nature promiscuous, and that any relaxation of the severity on the part of society towards the unmarried mother will be immediately followed by sexual indulgence resulting in an increasing number of illegitimate births.

It is because the welfare of the child is of the utmost importance to society that the child must be the starting point in any proposed measures for improvement. In the analysis of casual factors the prominence of bad home conditions, bad environment, and bad companions, the lack of the right sort of recreation and of sound education, especially in matters of sex, reveals the extent of social responsibility for the prevalence of illegitimacy in a community. A step further, the same causes, aggravated in the case of the child by the social stigma attaching to his birth, may give him the slight bent in the direction of crime which often determines his future occupation. So long as society, for the sake of frowning upon the mother, shirks any interest in the care of the child, inevitably the quality of its citizenship will suffer.

The author wisely makes no claim for the representative character of the individual cases

recorded, but by gathering them into groups he comes to certain conclusions as to types and circumstances. His evidence tends to dispose of a number of long entrenched notions about the causes of sex irregularity. The theories that many girls are forced into immoral lives by the mere inadequacy of their wages, and that they are the innocent victims of designing men much older than themselves, find but little support in these records. The very large number of unmarried mothers, as of prostitutes, who come from domestic service is not fairly chargeable to low wages, for the rate of domestic pay averages high as compared with the wage in other occupations of similar grade, but rather is indirectly the result of the long hours, the unsatisfactory social relations, and the lack of opportunity for needed recreation. Moreover the unmarried mother and the father of her child are usually at the age when they would normally be attracted to each other, and they are probably about equally responsible for their relationship. The situation is clearly one of conflict between social and biological demands, and any attempts at amelioration are futile which misinterpret or fail to take account of the underlying causes.

A summary of legislation in European countries emphasizes the fact that the state's chief concern is for the welfare of the illegitimate child. With the exception of England, whose laws about illegitimacy are notoriously behind the times, all important European countries have some provision for establishing the paternity of the child and for his inheritance. Norway's law, the most radical so far enacted, rests on these principles: legitimate and illegitimate children have equal rights before the law; the rights and duties of both parents are the same; society is entitled to know not only who is the mother but also who is the father of every child that is born. An indication of the tendency of progressive legislation in the United States appears in the recommendations of the Missouri Children's Code Commission, included in an appendix.

TROPICAL TOWN, and Other Poems. By Salomón de la Selva. Lane; \$1.25.

Much is said in these poems, but with too little skill. Perhaps the lack of finished artistry is to be expected in a poet of twenty-four years to whom English is not native; but the faults are too obvious to escape mention. Extra syllables are introduced haphazard; in the iambic poems there is a riot of lines beginning with trochees—10 in one poem of 28 verses; sometimes the irregularities fall so closely together as to destroy the rhythm entirely; the rhymes frequently distort the sense and sometimes are

bad in themselves, as "mother—gather," "kiss-mysteries." There is also much obscurity, and the knife has not been used to prune out sections which are only prose, or worse.

It is unfortunate that virtues cannot be catalogued so readily as faults. Some of these poems have a power, a realism, a sincerity that leave no doubt of the poet's vocation; others have a music and an imagery that sharpen regret over his sudden lapses into mediocrity. The intimate and revealing nature of many of the pieces redeems otherwise trivial subjects. So uneven a poet cannot be represented fairly in brief quotation, but "Birds of Clay" is too fine not to quote:

Birds of clay I whistled through,
Have you flown away?
I remember the smell of you,
Birds of clay!

Old it was, so old, so old,—
Dust of centuries of dead!
All my childhood I was told
You would fly, and are you fled?

When I am dead I want to lie
Where in the centuries to be
Children shall utter song and cry
Through the winged dust of me.

A TRAVELLER IN WAR-TIME. With an Essay on "The American Contribution and the Democratic Idea." By Winston Churchill. Macmillan; \$1.25.

The first half of Mr. Churchill's book is somewhat sketchy, but wholly admirable, account of a brief visit to England and France and the old front line along Vimy Ridge. He does succeed in presenting a picture of the social changes and the interpenetrations of classes which have taken place in both countries under the stress of necessity. And also, without rhetoric or the accent of propaganda, he conveys to the reader some sense of the liberating forces which war has released in these two countries. It is a picture drawn by an American, and therefore by a congenital optimist, yet it is not a falsification. But the enduringly important part of his book is his essay on "The American Contribution and the Democratic Idea." Here we have an honest and concrete depiction of the liberal and intelligent and sanguine American mind as it reacts to the circumstances and tendencies of the world war in the early months of 1918. We have said that Mr. Churchill is an optimist, and certainly no one else could have given just this cheerful tone to an essay with his particular title; nevertheless a colder and more cynically objective mind—that of Mr. A. J. Hobson—has shown us that much is to be gained tactfully by an "appeal to reason" to the closed, reactionary mind. Mr. Churchill gives specific color to this claim when he cites all the American precedents for the statement that the ferment of an awakening conscience and de-

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sire to do the decent thing is steadily working among our financial and industrial leaders. So far, so good. When he comes however to the definite aspects of the American contribution, a realist would have to say that he is expressing hopes rather than actual facts. Mr. Churchill is against intolerance; he is against an economic boycott of Germany after the war; he is sympathetic toward the Russian revolution; he believes that imperialism is in essence the protection of nationals in foreign countries and cites our last Mexican policy as proof that America is against such imperialism; he is for a League of Nations on the general plan outlined by the British Labor Party (whose programme he calls the most important political document since our own Declaration of Independence); he believes both the Republican and Democratic parties moribund and demands a new, liberal party; he thinks the war is fundamentally a fight for economic even more than political freedom for all the world. This of course is exactly what our American contribution ought to be. Let us hope that it is what our American contribution may eventually become.

ORIGINALITY: A Popular Study of the Creative Mind. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Lippincott; \$3.50.

It is not every schoolmaster who carries through a wide, and perforce passing, acquaintance with contemporaneous books such a sagacity of selection and combination as hath T. Sharper Knowlson (and what kindly fate bestowed such name?). Shrewd culling, clever collocation, comment (always schoolmasterish), banal and refreshing by turns, and all led by an honest interest—such are the traits; and the result is a humanely bookish impression of the vogue of quotidian Anglo-American culture (our author is flatteringly aware of American books) in a sphere just better than social and just short of serious accomplishment. It is a book on “originality” obviously composed out of a well-ordered commonplace book, and yet it “goes” more often than it lapses! The vulgar would credit the author with “punch”—sedate, bookish punch, of the same sort (though in consistency as bouillon to pot-au-feu) one finds in Burton. Indeed, the analogy goes beyond manner to subject and matter; for “Originality,” like the “Anatomy,” is a contribution to an unnamed science of man which finds, with equal zest, relevancy in facts physiological, psychological, biological, theological—one focus to all learning. A twentieth-century supplement to Burton, color sanguineous resurfacing the atrabilie, and for the learned Latins your Freud, Bergson, Nietzsche, Galton, Dewey, Dostoevsky, et al.—why not? Besides, there is a final sec-

tion on “Praxis,” with good horse-sense suggestions for those who wish to be originals and don’t know how. Which is of itself deserving of honest applause; as, again with Burton, “omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.”

FEDOR VLADIMIR LARROVITCH: An Appreciation of his Life and Works. Edited by William George Jordan and Richardson Wright. The Authors’ Club, New York; \$2.

To the uninitiated this black-bound volume will appear simply another rather dull tribute to an author of whom they have never heard. And indeed it is only a careful perusal of it that rewards even the interested. Larrovitch’s name is surely an unfamiliar one. But here it boasts no less a spokesman than Professor Giddings. He declares that this remarkable Russian, whose death, we are told, occurred in 1881, “warned of the impending war” in such arresting words as these: “Kultur is the integration of Hohenzollerns, accompanied by the differentiation and the segregation of nations, and the concomitant dissipation of Teutons.” But the most fascinating chapters in this book of appreciations are those which deal with the personal side of Larrovitch and with his place in literature, and the really choice bibliographical notes and references. The latter relieve us somewhat of a too burdensome ignorance of this unique figure in Russian literature, as it appears that his works have been translated into French and German, Bulgarian, Italian, and Yiddish, but never into English. The following excerpt will give some flavor of the early chapters:

His wife meanwhile, in an age when the ideas of commerce and manufacturing had hardly penetrated the mind of Russia, was keenly interested in all kinds of textiles, silks, linens, cottons, everything of the sort. In fact, she would accumulate from among the neighbors during the week, picturesque panniers or baskets of these fabrics, soiled by usage or wear, and by the application of saponaceous agents and enthusiastic personal labor would work far into the night demonstrating the chemical reactions and cleansing effects of her various devices aided by her own physical efforts.

The volume, which is illustrated with portraits of Larrovitch and photographs of his personal effects and of his tomb, concludes with a plea for the establishment of a Larrovitch Foundation and Fellowship. It is sincerely to be hoped that the authors of this engaging book will receive the necessary pecuniary support for such a foundation, if merely to reward them for the amusement afforded by a hoax almost as elaborate and quite as delicious as that of their friends the Spectrists. For Larrovitch never existed outside of the minds of the editors and those friends who coöperated with them.

NOTES ON NEW WAR BOOKS

Now that the flood of war books has reached so high a tide, their value for us lies not so much in what they add to our knowledge of war as in what they show us of the reactions of men to it. Emmanuel Bourcier, in his new volume, "Under the German Shells" (Scribner; \$1.50), is concerned chiefly in describing what he has seen and endured at the front; but the reader's interest comes in watching him as he responds—dramatically and, for the most part, unconsciously—to each situation. Without, one imagines, exaggerating the high lights, M. Bourcier has given us a sense of war's tight-strung intensity, of its emotional and nervous stimulus that is like an intoxication—the eager agony of waiting before the attack; the steely grimness, the brute ecstasy of men in action; the passion of resoluteness when the order comes to "hold your position until the death"; the tensity of the night silences in the front lines; the overpowering heaviness of sleep after days and nights of superhuman strain and fatigue in a great attack. The book has charm of style also—the charm of dramatic simplicity, of brevity, imagination, and a keen sensitiveness to beauty. It is emotional rather than reflective, because it is true to the life of the poilu. Indeed, it is sometimes too emotional for us, too naively direct, but that is because it is French, and we do not understand. M. Bourcier was already, before the war, one of the arriving younger men of letters in France. He fought in the battle of the Marne and at Verdun, and in 1916 he came to the United States as a member of the French Military Commission, remaining until very recently as instructor in liaison at Camp Grant.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's book "Great Britain at War" (Little, Brown; \$1.25) is a slight one, being made up of short magazine articles on various topics relating to the Britons' part in the war. He evidently had exceptional opportunities for visiting munition factories, shipyards, training camps, and hospitals, as well as certain parts of the front; but the result is hardly more than an interesting verification of the hypothesis that the writer of popular fiction is apt to find his limitations when he essays to move his readers through the presentation of facts. Among the few rather vivid bits of description is that which tells how he was given a demonstration of various kinds of gases, with the dramatic accent laid on the lachrymatory. Another pictures a battlefield with the evidences of carnage still uncovered. It is quite horrible, but inadequate. In the less intense portions of the book Mr. Farnol's pen may be halting because of the inhibitions of the censor, but in the rest his inadequacy is no doubt

attributable to the embarrassment of a romancer in the presence of grim reality. The volume is not an important contribution to the literature of the war.

In his foreword to "Front Lines" (Dutton; \$1.50) Mr. Boyd Cable expresses the contempt felt by the soldiers at the front for civilians at home who grumble at such slight inconveniences as the war conditions impose. Then he proceeds to depict life in the trenches with realism, so that the civilian may know why he should not complain that there is too little sugar for his tea and that there is a tax on theater tickets. The realism is not sordid. It includes the humor and the small talk that is current among the men, and it breathes life into the dramatic episodes that are chronicled. It lifts the book out of the "thriller" classification. How Private Clegg brought art into the trenches by taking a cue from Corporal Richard's propensity for modeling in clay is an incident of which Kipling could not have made better use. Another humorous chapter records the dialogue in which the "skipper" of a land battleship almost convinces a dispatch-rider that the tank walked four miles under water along the bottom of a canal. Some exceedingly picturesque description of a subjective nature is included in the sketch called "Nightmare," which describes a charge on an enemy emplacement under cover of barrage fire, and the intimacy of its detail suggests that the author has been close to similar incidents. Taken as a whole, the chapters make up a graphic and stirring presentation of warfare on the front lines.

Mr. Thomas Tiplady in his book "The Soul of the Soldier" (Revell; \$1.25) has at once the preacher's habit and the essayist's manner. In consequence, although he illuminates his chapters with the most vivid narratives of soldier experience and thinking, one feels the almost unchangeable background of Christianity with which he approached the war, lived in it, and brooded over it and over the souls of soldiers. Some of the idols of the market place have intruded themselves upon the seclusion of his thought, as they do on most men of the cloth. He is at times too tolerant of snobbishness: witness the young Eton man who "showed a self-control which only centuries of breeding could give." He is dogmatic, too, in matters of religious faith. He insists on the symbolism of the cross for the soldier and says that "it has provided him with the only acceptable philosophy of the war" and that "the Cross of Christ is the centre of the picture for evermore, and the grouping of all other figures must be round it." But these are invidious examples of Chaplain Tiplady when he is most passionately assertive. Each chapter has in it something of observation of men in war, of

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Mr. Heywood Broun carried over with him to his war correspondence—as expressed in his book "*The A. E. F.*" (Appleton; \$1.50)—something of his genial, anecdotal style as writer on sports for the newspapers. It is the good humor of the first Americans to enter the great war that he has set down easily. In fact little but the good-humored side of the great American adventure is permitted to come to the surface. Nonchalance or a joke in the face of danger is the order of his day. The character of the book is due partly to Mr. Broun's inability to resist his talent for spinning yarns. One of his immortals is the sergeant whose studies were directed to the French equivalent for: "Give me a plate of ham and eggs. How much?" "What's your name?" and "Do you love me, kid?" He makes record of that historic first crap game played by doughboys on French soil. And not least, there is the plaintive mule-skinner who remarks apropos of a refractory beast named Bill: "I don't like him as well as the rest of the mules, and I hate 'em all." Mr. Broun's legions, setting out, are unmoved. He himself is a newspaper observer seeing the sights, the war made easy, playing up what newspaper men call "human interest stuff." The darker moments are not yet. It speaks well for much of his newspaper correspondence that it stands the test of republication. It has a value as a record of a state of mind at the outset of the great American adventure. It could not be written later on. Other books will come, about Americans in war, not so genially anecdotal as this of Mr. Broun's.

The rising pile of khaki-bound manuals, handbooks, guides, vocabularies, scrapbooks, and what not addressed to our embarking soldiers discloses two little books which have the merits of authority, brevity, and convenient arrangement: a "Handbook of Northern France," by Professor William Morris Davis (Harvard University Press; \$1) and "Health for the Soldier and Sailor," by Professor Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk (Funk & Wagnalls; 60 cts.). Professor Davis, who is now Chairman of the Geography Committee of the National Research Council, describes succinctly—with

maps, charts, and tables—the geographical features of importance to officers working in northern France. Both his method and his vocabulary hit the golden mean between the too popular and too technical. The index however is not so valuable for quick reference as it would be if it were more comprehensive and more definitive: an officer on the Meuse, for instance, hunting a half-forgotten fact, might not always have time to look up all the fifteen page references to that river. "Health for the Soldier and Sailor" has no alphabetical index at all; otherwise it is an admirable book of advice for both the officer and the private, neither of whom is likely to take too seriously its doubtless sound, but perhaps inopportune, strictures on alcohol and tobacco. Professor Fisher is Chairman, and Dr. Fisk is Medical Director, of the Life Extension Institute, whose Hygiene Reference Board has endorsed the war hygiene material they have assembled.

"Keeping Our Fighters Fit" (Century; \$1.25), written by Edward Frank Allen with the coöperation of Raymond Fosdick, Chairman of the War and Navy Departments' Commission on Training Camp Activities, may not be interesting as a piece of literature, but it will no doubt be of value to those who need reassurance concerning their sons and brothers in the training camps. Its purpose is to describe the work of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, in the creating and maintaining of camp morale; and it does this very comfortably. The spirit of our fighters who sing and laugh is, we are told, the finest of any army in the world, thanks to the services in the cantonments of a network of social and recreational agencies—the Y. M. C. A., the Hostess Houses, Liberty theatres, libraries, athletics, and the organization of many forces which make for wholesomeness of attitude and health of body. The book deals rather lightly with the negative and preventive sides of the work of the Camp Activities Commission—perhaps because it has been proceeding on the theory that wholesome amusement will provide against the lure of the forbidden saloon and the red-light district. The critical reader will regret that the author has not given us a franker account of some of the social facts to be combatted by the commission. But to have discussed these would have been to defeat the constructive aim of the book. The volume is ungrammatical here and there, and written in an easy popular style. These facts need not, however, much diminish its value to those for whom it is written—those at home who want to know that their "boys" in camp are working and playing under the auspices of a wholesome morale.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

Adjectives like theatrical, fabulous, or prosy show how a good word-horse can be ridden to verbal death. Add to the list as one will, while the nouns keep their original value the adjectives formed from them grow more and more corrupt. For example, consider fiction and fictitious. Fiction we enjoy just as we trust a lie for the first time; in fictitious fiction, however, we recognize the artfulness of a second offense. Here are three collections of short stories, sufficiently similar in aim since they are the recent magazine contributions of three practiced writers, which vary significantly in the degree of their success. "The Flying Teuton," by Alice Brown (Macmillan; \$1.50), and "Gaslight Sonatas," by Fannie Hurst (Harper; \$1.40), sound like the second offenses they are; "The Key of the Fields and Boldero," by Henry Milner Rideout (Duffield; \$1.35), does not—which reminds one of Whistler's famous rebuke to a well-intentioned friend who sewed up the hole in his hat. "A hole, sir," he cried, ripping out the stitches, "might happen to anyone; a patch is premeditated poverty." This poverty in premeditation is what is shown in the first two volumes. "Gaslight Sonatas" probes too hard and too painfully with the literary instrument known as realism. "The Flying Teuton," on the other hand, is the ether of etherealized literary atmosphere. These are such stories as Miss Brown and other excellent writers made the standard for literary magazines fifteen or twenty years ago. Good stories they are, admirably told—the experiences of offhand men of letters with briar pipes, the apocalypses in store for Americans on the continent, the psychic visions our young men shall see. "The Key of the Fields" and "Boldero" are two as ripping yarns as Mr. Rideout has written since his "Blue Peter" of undergraduate days or since the "Twisted Foot" of later date. No blue prints of realism, no gray half-tones of the brain or soul for him, but action and color worthy of Sorolla. Now of "Gaslight Sonatas" it can be said that no one objects to unpleasant stories simply because they are unpleasant. One takes one's medicine, hoping it will do one good. Yet it is difficult to imagine anyone taking medicine for medicine's sake, squalor for squalor's sake, although Miss Hurst gives it an undeniable piquancy which makes it go down easily. Curiously blended with the other strains, too, is a strain of pronounced sentimentality, which weakens the effectiveness of the work and enforces its fictitious quality. But the one of these three authors with the Touchstone-like grace in weaving fabrications is Mr. Rideout. More extravagant than those of the other two volumes in lavish use of plot and setting, these picaresque tales have somehow less pretense. This may come from the fact that one

expects less accuracy from a romancer. Nevertheless Jackdabos in "The Key of the Fields" and Door-nail Jimmy in "Boldero" emerge from these clouds of fantasy as creatures alertly alive and fascinating—the former a cosmopolitan young mountebank of versatile accomplishments, first found with his two companions, Puig and Barjavel, in a town in southern France; the other a distinguished Orientalist who assumed the role of a doddering miser in the Chinese quarter of a Western town. Both stories charm with bizarre antitheses, their enjoyment being in no way hindered by any very precise schedule of plot.

On page forty of Elizabeth Jordan's "Wings of Youth" (Harper, \$1.40) we find the following: "The thing often happens in books, rarely in real life. It had happened to him." What had happened? The aristocratic young Devon, brother and sister, of Devondale, Ohio, tackle New York on fifty dollars each and pledge each other to stay a year and earn a living by the sweat of their respective brows. Laurie Devon is something of a black sheep and agrees to his sister's plan for his redemption through a year of voluntary exile from the advantages and disadvantages of his inherited wealth and position. The beautiful Barbara Devon (now "Miss Smith") addresses envelopes, plays accompaniments, and lives in a hall bedroom, first having the good fortune to set down her traveling case for the right man to stumble over. With the occasional help of this timely admirer she makes good her part of the bargain and stays the year out on her own resources. The once dissolute Laurie sticks resolutely to the task of becoming a successful playwright. The trials of writing for the stage are clearly and sympathetically set forth. Miss Jordan is evidently sure of her ground here; and the striking triumph of the young dramatist is made more generally plausible than the romantic adventures of his sister. Hard work and the responsibilities of making good prove the necessary stimulus for the hitherto purposeless young man. The Devons return to their aristocratic home with a new appreciation of the simple and fundamental values of life. "Wings of Youth" is a diverting fairy story which aspires to reality.

The puzzle of personality is given a unique and sympathetic treatment in "The Man Who Survived," by Camille Marbo (Harper; \$1.35). A striking situation, that of one man's spirit in another man's body, is made appealing by imaginative presentation. No scientific explanation is hinted until the idea has been made artistically conceivable in the careful development of mood and the interplay of personalities. And then the explanation is not insisted upon; it is merely suggested. The mystery of physical and mental relationship, the subtle influence of matter upon mind, the possibilities as well as the limitations of human will are forces which the author handles

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with delicacy and intelligent humility. The story itself, concerning the return from war of a man who must meet friends, wife, and work in his comrade's body, is consistently less arresting than the psychological problem it creates.

To be told, at the beginning of a book, that the author was able to write it by means of a former incarnation, that the scenes and details are due to a sort of remembrance, is not ordinarily the most encouraging introduction. One opens the book fearing an overdose of pseudo-similitude. This fear however in the case of "My Two Kings," by Mrs. Evan Nepean (Dutton; \$1.50), is very pleasantly dismissed. The story is set in the Stuart Restoration period, including the last part of the reign of Charles II and the short reign of James II. Luckily, the treatment of this bit of English history is peculiarly appropriate. Not only do the colorful pictures of court scenes and actors suggest a *Meissonier* series in grace and detail, but the characters of the King, of Monmouth, of Nell Gwynn, and of her rivals are touched with a sympathy really Carolinian. It is certain that dictionaries and encyclopedias and even Pepys himself, to whom the reader flies upon finishing the book—a rather good test of excellence in an historical novel, by the way—fail to suggest what the author of the book implies, that the real reason for Charles's reign of twenty-five years was his charm of personality. The story has the air of a warm personal document, and its sincerity and disinterestedness add to its fascination. There is only one reason why it should not make a great success if it were filmed: the censor might not approve of the moral—if there is one.

There is an engaging bit of derring do in Marion Hill's "The Toll of the Road" (Appleton; \$1.50). In a would-be popular novel—whose audacity merits the popularity it has probably forfeited—the heroine is forced to the inevitable choice between home-town respectability, with marriage to the usual reliable sturdy-oak fiancé, and a stage career which promises to involve her in an affair with her brilliant but already married playwright-manager. In the face of every best-seller precedent she chooses the career. The road has already taken its toll of her—in prejudices, illusions, lifelong habits of mind and person; she is "traveling lighter than before." And, on the whole, she is seeing with clearer eyes, except when she regards "genius," of which she discovers a staggering amount. Both stage and village are presented candidly and sympathetically, though the luckless fiancé is made unnecessarily self-centered.

The reader of "The Statue in the Wood," by Richard Pryce (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50), is likely to fall back upon the adjective "curious" as the only keyword to his reaction from the story. The novel deals with an incident cover-

ing two years, the awakening of passion in a young widow whose conventional marriage had left her untouched. The overseer of her estate, serenely healthy and unconscious of her almost childlike adoration, becomes, not her lover, but her beloved, and the father of her child. One has throughout a strange sense of looking through a lens at the characters, so detached and unconscious they seem. Yet they are far from being unreal even in their astonishing situation. There is more than a tinge of Hardy in the fatality, and in the understanding of feminine psychology—a grateful novelty.

The engaging whimsicality of "Miss Pim's Camouflage," by Lady Stanley (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50), is perhaps its most distinguishing quality. In a deluge of war stories it achieves individuality by its delicious humor, its quaintly impossible premise, and the absorbing complications which follow. Miss Pim, a sedate English spinster of fifty, suddenly finds herself possessed of a most miraculous gift—a power which enables her to render patriotic service at a crisis in her country's history. She visits the battlefields of France, interviews military leaders, meets the Kaiser himself, and all but ends his atrocious activities. The author does not attempt plausibility; she just writes an interesting story, making capital of absurdity.

"The Road That Led Home," by Will E. Ingersoll (Harper; \$1.35), is a fairly well written if not convincingly original story. It has a somewhat conventional prairie setting. There is a farmer, a transplanted city-waitress wife (described not without some instinctive gift for psychological analysis), an Englishman in the wilds—and a love story. The hero is a schoolmaster; the heroine, a daughter of the prairie. Mr. Ingersoll writes well enough for one to wish he might find material less well worn, and situations less threadbare, on which to employ his powers of delineation and characterization.

Inevitably somebody besides the joke writers must have taken advantage of the humor of wartime food conservation; and what more revealing point of view than that of the small grocer, or more adequately still, the grocer's delivery boy? J. J. Bell's latest story, "Johnny Pryde," (Revell; \$1), is worthy of its predecessors, "Wee Macgregor" and "Wully McWattie." And it is the grocer boy speaking. Being a grocer in wartime, his employer has observed, is "a fair tragedy." The humor has the true Scottish flavor, and the author accomplishes the difficult feat of making Johnny seem human as well as perpetually humorous. A diverting if fragile tale, "Johnny Pryde" should serve to lighten the particular war gloom of anyone who gives an hour to the cheery little volume.

CASUAL COMMENT

IT IS EXTRAORDINARY HOW LITTLE WE KNOW about the American mind. We are not an introspective nation. And although we have had our fair share of description by foreign discoverers, it is really remarkable how they have confined themselves to what one might call the externals of American life. There are innumerable books on our industrial and economic institutions, on our system of politics, our material resources, our complexities of nationalities in the great "melting pot." Yet when we strive to find a book which deals primarily with the peculiar and individual thing, the American mind and the American point of view, the task is almost insuperable. The truth is, every observer—ourselves included—shrinks from the task because of its enormous difficulties and complexities. We have not yet developed a specific national culture which is recognizable in terms of our older categories. We have no homogeneous background of folk legends. As much as the war has already bound us together, it has most strikingly revealed our heterogeneity, the fact that America means so many different things to so many different sections of our population. There is a tremendous organization at work already on the task of "Americanization," a task we ought to have undertaken years ago. Yet in spite of these evidences of spiritual disunity, it is an indubitable fact that the American type of soldier in France has something which distinguishes him from all the other types. The "doughboy," as we affectionately call him, is somehow a specific person. There is one indubitable quality of the American mind—its high spirits, its divine, jesting irreverence. We civilians who stay at home and work ourselves into fits of alternate depression and elation might learn with profit from the men actually at the front, who have not yet forgotten how to laugh. But back of that optimism and humor are concealed all sorts of qualities and tendencies which no student of the American mind has yet adequately exposed. One very discerning observer once said of us that in the mass Americans were the most unhappy and restless people on the face of the earth—except that they refused to recognize it. And when we read the posthumous papers of our most characteristic humorist, Mark Twain, that observation does not seem wholly inept. But whatever we are, whatever the American mind is, it is worth knowing. If all of us had taken the trouble to understand the German mind some twenty years ago—its fear, its jealousy at what it thought was unjust discrimination against Germany, its technical assiduity and tenacity, its docility—what horrors the world might have been spared through understanding. It is as important today for the world to understand the American mind. We are becoming one of the

great, powerful nations of the world. If our great power is to be used for the benefit and advancement of the world, it is important that other nations should understand us; it is imperative that we should understand ourselves.

LIBERALS IN ALL COUNTRIES WILL FEEL DEEP disappointment in the decision which the American Government has considered it necessary to make respecting our joint action with Japan in protecting the Czechoslovaks in Siberia and elsewhere in Russia. It had been earnestly hoped that Russia might find a way to solve her own difficulties without foreign assistance. One of the general principles for which we are fighting in this war is the free right of all nations to determine their own destiny, and we distinctly affirm that it is in no sense our intention to interfere with the political sovereignty of Russia or to intervene in her internal affairs, "not even in the local affairs of the limited areas which her [of the United States] military force may be obliged to occupy" or, finally, to impair either now or hereafter her territorial integrity. No one can question that such is our settled intention. Yet later in the same note we specifically state that our conclusions, while agreed to in principle by the nations with which we are associated in this war, do not in any sense limit the independent action of these other nations. There can be little question that, whatever our intention, we have embarked upon a perilous course of action which may lead us in any one of a hundred directions. Similarly, there can be little question that, whatever our settled principles, from the Russian point of view the policy will and must distinctly appear as a meddling policy, violating our principle of non-interference in the destinies of nations.

We cannot go into the reasons which compelled President Wilson to make his present decision, for we have not been permitted to know them. Nevertheless certain conclusions may be drawn from the fact of the decision itself. Evidently the Soviet Government is much weaker than had commonly been assumed in well-informed circles. It is hardly to be supposed that our present plans would have been put into action had it not been thought that the chance of their success was at least better than fifty per cent. And certain considerations can be brought to the support of this seemingly official view. The Czechoslovaks do occupy a strategic situation which will enable them to starve out the Bolshevik Government in central Russia this winter. The great mass of the peasantry care little about anything except holding what land they possess. They are willing to make use of the local Soviet organization and even to elect representatives to the central congress. But they neither understand nor care particularly about Bolshevik theories. In the last analysis they will support any government which

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allows them to keep their land and lets them alone. There is little nationalistic feeling, and an ineradicable aversion to fighting as such. If the Bolshevik Government can be overthrown; if a new government, commanding the will of the Russian people and favorable to the Allied cause, can be erected; and if, finally, an Eastern front can be reconstituted; then the move will be justified in terms of present Allied political strategy. But this is an exceedingly large order, and no one can survey the known facts without serious misgivings. The presence of Japanese and Chinese troops on Russian soil may very possibly raise the religious issue. If something like a holy war is started against the heathen invaders, as they will be called, the presence of American troops in the invading army will not be likely to reassure the ignorant and superstitious peasantry. The possibilities of such a war, if it should occur, are plainly ominous. Or again, suppose the Bolsheviks, confronted on one side by the German Government, with whom they are nominally at peace, and on the other by the Allied forces, with whom they will then be actually at war, should decide to throw in their lot with the Austro-Germans. Can we contemplate with equanimity the very probable employment of large Russian forces, recruited or impressed by the Germans, on either the Eastern or the Western front? We ought to have a very clear idea concerning the Bolshevik theory of this war. Fanatically, these intransigent theorists believe that if only they can so arrange matters as to be left alone in a large section of Russia and to see to it that all other nations keep up the war among themselves to the point of blood and economic exhaustion, then the Bolsheviks can impose their will upon a tired and revolutionary-minded world. It is, if one likes, the theory of madness; but madmen are dangerous, and we should not take any step which by ever so little plays into their hands. The need for a quick and decisive victory over Germany is now imperative. Our own American note states at the beginning very clearly: "Military intervention in Russia would be more likely to add to the present sad confusion there than to cure it and would injure Russia rather than help her out of her distresses. . . . We are bending all our energies now to the purpose, the resolute and confident purpose, of winning on the Western front, and it would in the judgment of the Government of the United States be most unwise to divide or dissipate our forces." Let us never forget this wise caution, and let us not be drawn into any course of action whereby the Western front sinks into a position of relative unimportance and the Eastern front becomes the military centre of gravity. It is to be hoped that the economic commission to Russia which the note suggests will speedily be dispatched, and that our action in Russia will em-

phasize our hope and desire to rehabilitate as speedily as may be the shattered economic and industrial life of that tragic nation.

IF COUNT VON HERTLING'S PEACE TERMS, recently outlined in the press, really represent the views of the ruling class in Germany, then there can be no argument that all political strategy is utterly lacking in German official circles. Without going into details, these terms may not be unfairly described as a demand for the earth and the fulness thereof. One would think that with the German defeat on the Marne and the successful British advance, with Russia proving a barren triumph, with the growing discontent of the German people, with the prospect of a commercial boycott after the war staring her in the face, with the increase in shipbuilding and army recruiting in our own country—one would think that with all these facts confronting her, somebody of official rank in Germany would begin to talk sense instead of nonsense. Of course, the probabilities are that such a speech as Von Hertling's is meant for home consumption, and for Junker consumption at that. If so, it is the height of political folly for the German leaders to allow it to circulate outside Germany. For those who can see beyond the end of their noses in Germany are no longer talking about a victory which is already unthinkable; they are wondering how Germany can end the war without complete disaster and ruin. Already the unofficial utterances of some of Germany's intellectual leaders (aside from Harden, who long ago seemed to have acquired the habit of telling the truth), and the tone of many of the editorials in the newspapers, have undergone change. When these unofficial views of moderation, based first of all on the assumption that victory for Germany is impossible, become the official German views, then there will be some hope of talking about the end of the war. But certainly not until then. We ought to remember, too, that this is not a question of sincerity. There is really no reforming people like Hertling, Stumm, Hintz, Tirpitz, Ludendorff, and the rest of the bandit clique: they never learn and they never forget. But there is such a thing as their yielding to pressure which they cannot resist, whether military, economic, or political. Already our military pressure must be causing sleepless nights to the German General Staff, just as our economic pressure must be causing sleepless nights to the German bankers, industrialists, shippers, and traders. Let us also add to the political pressure, and refuse to play the Germans' own game by answering "bitter end" speeches with similar "bitter end" speeches. Let us answer with speeches of moderation and clearness which even in the minds of the German people must contrast favorably with their own leaders' blood-and-iron nonsense.

BRIEFER MENTION

In most of the many books constructed round the subject of women and the war there is a complacent acceptance and refurbishing of common material with little effort to search out the new. Harriett Stanton Blatch, author of "Mobilizing Woman-Power" (Woman's Press; \$1.25), has read the somewhat exhaustive though valuable report of the Health of Munition Workers Committee, but she has never apparently been tempted to inquire about the report on elevator girls and car conductors in New York City. Therefore she finds no objectionable features in these occupations, which in America are constantly recruiting women workers. She also has a jumpy habit of mind which allows her to jot down at random ill-digested conclusions. After she has laid herself open to criticism on the ground of one or two misstatements (for instance, concerning the comparison between the health of city and country dwellers brought out by the draft figures, and the equal necessity for protection in industry of male and female workers) one is not tempted to take too seriously her assumption that it is the poorer classes who should support the war by their economy, rather than the well-to-do. She claims that "the richer a family is, the more it saves by skilled service." However, her book as a whole does not bear a consistently reactionary stamp, and her final plea for the consideration of the unpaid labor of the individual housewife as a real economic factor demands consideration.

"Maids, Wives and Widows," by Rose Falls Bres (Dutton; \$2), may be classed among the real contributions to the woman literature of the day. It contains a useful digest of the different state laws affecting women and children, and also discussion, historical and argumentative, on the subjects of woman's legal status, marriage and divorce, mothers' pensions, child labor and minimum wage, and contracts and forms. We cannot help regretting that the state laws were not tabulated in a more accessible form. Considering the scope of this volume, it would have been a difficult task, but one well worth attempting. Since the subject is in itself dry and not likely to be approached by anyone who is not desirous of getting the unadorned facts, it would add to the value of the volume were they set forth in the most unadorned way. That will be the noble task of some future statistician. Meanwhile Mrs. Bres's book will be of very practical interest and value to the women of this country who intend to use their vote intelligently.

"The New Voter," by Charles Willis Thompson (Putnam; \$1.50), proclaims its contents as "things he and she ought to know about politics and citizenship." So far, so good; they are. The volume forms a simple and readable introduction to more scholarly books on government. A lawyer, a correspondent, an ex-Congressman, and a skeptical husband gather about a table conversationally to instruct a business woman and a college woman in the meaning of the familiar terms and habits of the political world. As information it is all very sound and true, but not for one moment can we believe that the moral drawn would have satisfied the two questioners. The discussion swings round the

Democratic and Republican parties, fusion, Tammany, certain historical incidents, and some current gossip. It dismisses socialism under the heading "Minor Parties," and terminates with a hymn of praise to the Constitution and a back-handed slap at the "American Bolsheviks." The series of articles first came into print in the columns of the New York "Times."

Anthologies are notoriously exclusive. And "The Melody of Earth," selected by Mrs. Waldo Richards (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50), is quite literally an anthology, in that it concerns itself with nothing but garden verse, is suspicious of wild flowers that might be only weeds, and—for all its catholicity—has omitted most of the poems that one would hope to find in such a volume. The list of contributors is a joy in itself however. Conceive of turning page after page in which such names as these follow each other in quick succession: Arthur Guiterman, Emile Verhaeren, Clinton Scollard, Robert Frost, Mary MacMillan, Sara Teasdale, Rabindranath Tagore, Harry Kemp, Amy Lowell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Vachel Lindsay, Henry A. Wise Wood. There are about two hundred of them in bewildering juxtaposition. But the compiler has been almost unfailing in choosing such examples of the important poets' work as would contrast not too terribly with that of the minors. What is yet more wonderful is the sort of thing that seems to her to concern gardens. As well as the sort of thing that doesn't. But if one can skip joyfully from "within garden walls" to "gardens overseas," and thence "underneath the bough," and eventually find oneself in "the garden of life," almost any poem might be quotable. The one definite impression that these three hundred and one pages leave upon an embarrassed reviewer is that horticulture should be left to scientists—and poets to their own, wider and wilder, field.

No series of travel books is at once so scholarly and so popular as the "Highways and Byways" series. Attractively made, fully illustrated, each volume is a guide to an English shire, accurate in its historical details and its archaeological data, and each is sufficiently a stylistic success to make its perusal enjoyable. The latest volume, "Highways and Byways of Wiltshire" (Macmillan; \$2), by the author and illustrator of "Somerset," abounds in historic interest. Mr. Edward Hutton is a competent writer, possessing an easy, vigorous style, and he betrays an enthusiasm which is frequently contagious. He has a confident, ready knowledge and an aesthetic appreciation of the many beautiful Norman, Gothic, and later monuments of Wiltshire, as well as an inherent love for the South English countryside, with its rolling Downs. Nelly Enchsen has provided very many attractive pen-and-ink drawings, and an excellent map is included.

How men, cut off from home and friends, and subject at all times to the capriciousness and tyranny of their German captors, constitute themselves into a more or less socialistic body, meet and conquer economic problems, and become, to all intents and purposes, a world within a world, this is the subject of Mr. H. C. Mahoney's well written narrative, "Interned in Germany" (McBride; \$2). A first-hand account of life in the prison camp at Ruhleben, it has a vivid, if painful, interest.

NOTES AND NEWS

S. Foster Damon, who discusses American influence on modern French music for this issue of *THE DIAL*, graduated in 1914 from Harvard, where he was president of the "Harvard Musical Review." He was a contributor to the anthology of "Eight Harvard Poets" (Gomme, 1917) and is about to publish a book on "Free Verse and Imagism: Their Techniques and Histories."

Alter Brody, two of whose poems are printed in this number, is a native of Russia. He has contributed verse to various magazines and was at one time editor of "East and West," a magazine devoted to introducing Yiddish literature to American readers. This fall B. W. Huebsch will publish a volume of Mr. Brody's verse under the title "The Family Album, and Other Poems."

John G. Holme, who reviews three Scandinavian plays, was born in Iceland. Since his graduation from the University of Minnesota he has been engaged in newspaper work, particularly in the field of dramatic criticism. He is at present on the staff of the New York "Tribune."

Herbert W. Hines, who contributes a discussion of the position of the millennialist idea in contemporary religious thought, is pastor of the Baptist Church at El Paso, Illinois. After his graduation from Harvard in 1909 Mr. Hines spent some time studying theology at various European universities. The other contributors to this number have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

"Unchained Russia," by Charles Edward Russell, is on the fall list of D. Appleton & Co.

The John Lane Co. announce "The Superstition of Divorce," a new volume of essays by G. K. Chesterton.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have postponed the publication of "American Problems of Reconstruction," edited by Elisha M. Friedman.

"The Art World" and "Arts and Decoration" have been merged under a joint name. The offices are at 2 West 45th Street, New York.

The autumn list of Doubleday, Page & Co. includes a collection of Rudyard Kipling's recent verse, which will appear under the title "Gethsemane."

Brentano's announces the forthcoming publication of a novel, "There Was a King in Egypt," by Norma Lorimer.

The correspondence of Joel Chandler Harris has been edited by his daughter-in-law and will be published, with a biography, among the fall books of the Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Yale University Press has in preparation "Authority in the Modern State," by Harold J. Laski, a continuation of his "Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty."

The September issue of "The Bookman" will be the first number to be published by the new owners, the George H. Doran Co. E. F. Saxton is to be managing editor.

This month the Scribners have published the first volume in their uniform series of the plays of James M. Barrie—"What Every Woman Knows." They announce a dozen or more volumes to appear at intervals during the next year.

Romain Rolland's plays of the French Revolution, "The Fourteenth of July" and "Danton," are announced for publication August 22 under the Holt imprint. The volume is to be followed next month with M. Rolland's "The People's Theatre."

"The Open-Air Theatre," by Sheldon Cheney, which Mitchell Kennerley will publish on the twenty-fifth of this month, is to be an account of outdoor playhouses in Europe and America, with incidental discussion of Greek, Roman, and medieval theaters.

The Macmillan Co. are bringing out a new book of Amy Lowell's poems—"Can Grande's Castle"—and, in two volumes, the collected "Poems" and "Plays" of John Masefield. August 27 they will have ready "The War and the Future," containing Mr. Masefield's lectures in America.

"Far Away and Long Ago," an autobiographical narrative of W. H. Hudson's youth in South America, will be brought out later in the season by E. P. Dutton & Co. Next month Alfred Knopf will publish Mr. Hudson's "A Little Boy Lost," which is addressed particularly to younger readers.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have forthcoming a new volume in their Henri Fabre series—"The Sacred Beetles and Others," translated by Alexander de Mattos. Another Fabre book, "Our Humble Helpers, the Domestic Animals," is announced by the Century Co.

S. K. Ratcliffe and Ordway Tead have collaborated in "British Industrial Reconstruction Programs: Their Substance, Purposes, and Application to American Conditions," which Henry Holt & Co. will publish shortly. Mr. Tead's "The Instincts in Industry" is on the fall list of the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Alfred Knopf announces for immediate publication "The War Workers," a novel by E. M. Delafield, and "Fairies and Fusiliers," a volume of poems by Robert Graves, the English edition of which was commented upon by Mr. Edward Shanks in *THE DIAL* for January 31. Mr. Graves is a contributor to the current Georgian anthology, reviewed by Mr. Untermyer in this issue.

Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., who was the first Art Director of the Indianapolis Little Theater, is the editor of a new series of one-act plays, "The Little Theater Classics," the first volume of which Little, Brown & Co. announce for issue this fall. It will contain: "Polyxena," from the "Hecuba" of Euripides; a medieval Christmas miracle play; an arrangement of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus"; "Ricardo and Viola," from "The Coxcomb," by Beaumont and Fletcher; and "The Scheming Lieutenant," from Sheridan's "St. Patrick's Day."

"The Inferno," by Henri Barbusse, "The Gilded Man," by Clifford Smyth, and "Free and Other Stories," by Theodore Dreiser, have just been added to the Boni and Liveright list. For September publication they announce "Gabrielle de Bergerac," an early story by Henry James; "Karma," a collection of stories, essays, and sketches, and "Japanese Fairy Tales," both by Lafcadio Hearn; and "Iolanthe's Wedding," by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Adele Seltzer—the first four titles in a new series to be known as the "Penguin Series."

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 119 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

THE WAR

From Bapaume to Passchendaele. By Philip Gibbs. With maps. 8vo, 463 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

What Every American Should Know About the War. A series of studies delivered at the National Conference of American Lecturers, 1918. Edited by Matville Flowers. 8vo, 368 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2.

Fighting France. By Stephane Lauzanne. Translated by John L. B. Williams. Introduction by James M. Beck. 12mo, 231 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

On the Fringe of the Great Fight. By George G. Smith. Illustrated. 8vo, 263 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

With Three Armies. By Arthur Stanley Riggs. Illustrated, 12mo, 303 pages. Bobbs Merrill Co. \$2.

Above the Battle. By Vivian Drake. Introduction by Gen. C. G. Hoare. 12mo, 323 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Out of the Jaws of Hunland. By Fred McMullen and Jack Evans. Illustrated, 12mo, 248 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The Emma Gees. By Herbert W. McBride. Illustrated, 12mo, 219 pages. Bobbs Merrill Co. \$1.50.

An Englishwoman's Home. By Mrs. A. Burnett Saitt. 12mo, 173 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

Ten Months in a German Raider. By Captain John Stanley Cameron. Illustrated, 12mo, 126 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

Our First Year in the Great War. By Francis Vinton Greene. Frontispiece, 12mo, 127 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

High Altars. By John Oxenham. 12mo, 63 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cents.

The Cloud. By Sartell Prentice. 12mo, 70 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.

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FICTION

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POETRY AND DRAMA

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Libro de Apolonio: An Old Spanish Poem. Edited by C. Carroll Marden. Part I: Text and Introduction. 4to, 76 pages. Johns Hopkins Press. Paper. \$1.00.

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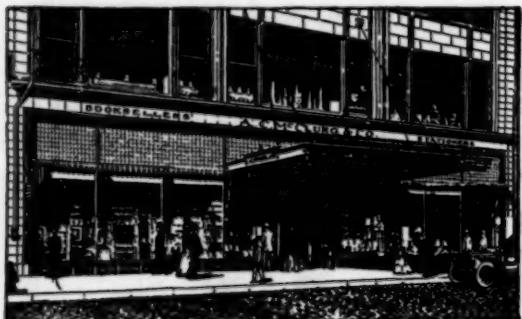
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